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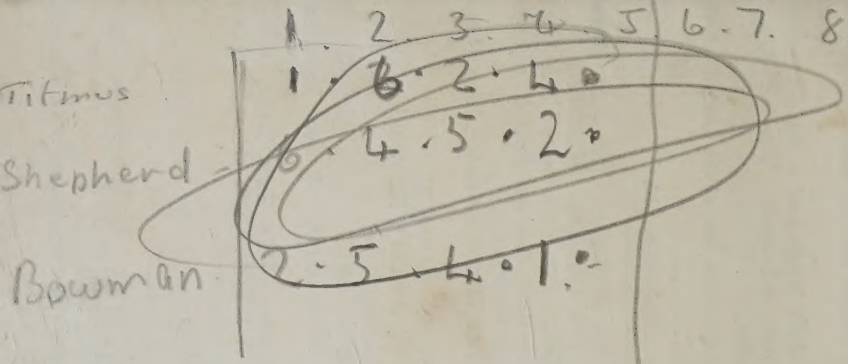

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GRIMM'S TALES.

SELECTED AND TRANSLATED ESPECIALLY FOR USE IN SCHOOLS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

LONDON:
GEORGE BELL & SONS, YORK ST., COVENT GARDEN.
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1898.

NOTE.

THE following selection from the well-known series of Tales, collected by the brothers Grimm, will be found to contain most of the best-known stories.

In rendering them afresh into English the translator has taken especial care to preserve the original simplicity of phraseology, and so adapt them for the use of school-children.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
I.	LITTLE RED-RIDING-HOOD	1
II.	BROTHER AND SISTER	4
III.	THE LITTLE PEOPLE	11
IV.	LITTLE BRIAR-ROSE	13
V.	MOTHER HOLLE	17
VI.	THE MUSICIANS OF BREMEN	21
VII.	OLD SULTAN	25
VIII.	THE GOLDEN GOOSE	28
IX.	HANS IN LUCK	31
X.	THE OLD MAN AND HIS GRANDSON	37
XI.	THE WHITE SERPENT	38
XII.	THE PORRIDGE-POT	42
XIII.	THE POOR MAN AND THE RICH MAN	43
XIV.	THE THREE SONS OF FORTUNE	48
XV.	THE BLUE LIGHT	51
XVI.	THE OGRE WITH THREE GOLDEN HAIRS	57
XVII.	LITTLE SNOW-WHITE	64
XVIII.	KING THRUSH-BEARD	73

		PAGE
XIX.	THE SINGING BONE	78
XX.	JORINDA AND JORINGEL . . .	80
XXI.	THE GOLDEN BIRD	84
XXII.	THE WOLF AND THE FOX . . .	92
XXIII.	THE CAT AND THE MOUSE . . .	94
XXIV.	THE FISHER AND HIS WIFE . . .	98
XXV.	RUMPELSTILTSKIN	107
XXVI.	THE JEW AMONG THORNS . . .	111
XXVII.	THE CUNNING LITTLE TAILOR . .	117
XXVIII.	THE THREE BROTHERS	121
XXIX.	THE TURNIP	123
XXX.	THE NAIL	127
XXXI.	SIMELI MOUNTAIN	128
XXXII.	SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED . . .	131

GRIMM'S TALES.

LITTLE RED-RIDING-HOOD.

ONCE upon a time there was a dear little girl; every one who only looked at her loved her. But her grandmother loved her the best of all, and there was nothing that she would not give to the child. Once she gave her a little hood of red velvet, which suited her so well that she would never wear anything else; and so she was always called 'Little Red-Riding-Hood.'

One day her mother said, 'Come, Little Red-Riding-Hood, here is a piece of cake and a bottle of wine. Take them to your grandmother, she is poorly and weak, and they will do her good. Make haste before it gets hot, and as you are going, walk nicely and quietly and do not run off the path, or you may fall down and break the bottle, and then your grandmother will get nothing.'

'I will take great care,' promised Little Red-Riding-Hood.

The grandmother lived out in the wood, half a league from the village, and just as Little Red-Riding-Hood came to the wood, a wolf met her. But she did not know what a wicked creature he was, and was not at all afraid of him.

'Good-day, Little Red-Riding-Hood,' said he.

'Thank you kindly, Wolf.'

'Whither away so early, Little Red-Riding-Hood?'

'To my grandmother's.'

'What have you got in your apron?'

'Cake and wine; yesterday was baking-day, so the poor weak grandmother is to have something good, to make her stronger.'

'Where does your grandmother live, Little Red-Riding-Hood?'

'A good quarter of a league further on in the wood; her house stands under the three large oak-trees, the hazel-thicket is just below; you surely must know it,' replied Little Red-Riding-Hood.

The Wolf thought to himself, 'What a young tender creature! what a nice plump mouthful she is—she will taste better than the old woman. I must act craftily, so as to catch both.' Meanwhile he walked for a short time by the side of Little Red-Riding-Hood. Then he said, 'See, Little Red-Riding-Hood, how pretty the flowers are about here—why do you not look about? I believe, too, that you do not hear how sweetly the little birds are singing; you walk gravely along as if you were going to school, while everything else is merry out here in the green-wood.'

Little Red-Riding-Hood lifted her eyes, and when she saw the sunlight dancing here and there through the trees, and pretty flowers growing everywhere, she thought, 'Suppose I take grandmother a fresh nosegay; how pleased she will be. It is so early in the day that I shall still get there in good time;' and so she ran from the path into the wood to gather flowers. And whenever she had picked one, she fancied that she saw a prettier one further on, and ran after it, and so got deeper and deeper into the wood.

Meanwhile the Wolf ran straight to the grandmother's house and knocked at the door.

'Who is there?'

'Little Red-Riding-Hood,' replied the Wolf. 'I have brought some cake and wine; open the door.'

'Lift the latch,' called out the grandmother, 'I am too weak, and cannot get up.'

The Wolf lifted the latch, the door flew open, and without saying a word he rushed straight to the grandmother's bed, and ate her up. Then he put on her clothes, took her cap, laid himself in bed and drew the curtains.

In the mean time Little Red-Riding-Hood had been running about picking flowers, and when she had got so many that she could carry no more she remembered her grandmother, and started on her journey again.

She was surprised to find the cottage-door standing open. As she entered, she had such a strange feeling that she said to herself, 'Oh dear! how dreadfully frightened I feel to-day. Generally I like being with grandmother so much.' She called out 'Good morning,' but there was no answer; so she went to the bed and drew back the curtains. There, as she thought, lay her grandmother with her cap pulled over her face, and looking very strange.

'Oh! Granny,' she said, 'what big ears you have!'

'All the better to hear you with, my child,' was the reply.

'But, Granny, what big eyes you have!' she said.

'All the better to see you with, my dear.'

'But, Granny, what large hands you have!'

'All the better to hug you with.'

'Oh! but, Granny, what a terrible big mouth you have!'

'All the better to eat you with!'

And scarcely had the Wolf uttered this, when at one bound he sprang out of bed and seized poor Little Red-Riding-Hood and swallowed her up in a mouthful.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

LITTLE brother took his little sister by the hand and said, 'Now that our mother is dead we shall never have another happy hour; our step-mother beats us every day, and if we come near her she kicks us away with her foot. Our meals are the hard crusts of bread that are left over; and the little dog under the table is better off, for she often throws it a nice bit. May Heaven pity us; if our mother only knew! Come, we will go together into the wide world.'

They walked the whole day over meadows, fields, and stony places; and when it rained the little sister said, 'Heaven and our hearts are weeping together.' In the evening they came to a large wood, and they were so weary with sorrow and hunger and the long walk that they lay down in a hollow tree and fell asleep.

The next day when they awoke the sun stood high up in the sky, and shone down hot into the tree. Then the brother said, 'Sister, I am thirsty; if I knew of a little brook I would go and just take a drink; I think I hear one running.' The brother got up and took the little sister by the hand, and they set off to find the brook.

But the wicked step-mother was a witch, and had seen how both the children had gone away, and she had crept after them privily, as witches creep, and had bewitched all the brooks in the wood.

Now when they found a little brook that leapt so brightly over the stones, the brother was going to drink out of it, but the sister heard how it said as it ran, 'Who drinks of me will be a tiger; who drinks of me will be a tiger.' Then the sister cried, 'Pray, dear brother, do not drink, else you will be a wild beast, and

will tear me in pieces.' The brother did not drink, although he was so thirsty, but said, 'I will wait for the next spring.'

When they came to the next brook the sister heard this also say, 'Who drinks of me will be a wolf; who drinks of me will be a wolf.' Then the sister cried out, 'Pray, dear brother, do not drink, else you will be a wolf, and eat me up.' The brother did not drink, and said, 'I will wait until we come to the next spring, but then I must drink, say what you like; my thirst is too great.'

And when they came to the third brook the sister heard how it said as it ran, 'Who drinks of me will be a roebuck; who drinks of me will be a roebuck.' The sister said, 'Oh, I pray you, dear brother, do not drink, else you will be a roebuck, and run away from me.' But the brother had knelt down at once by the brook, and had bent down and drunk some of the water, and as soon as the first drops touched his lips he lay there a young roebuck.

Now the sister wept over her poor bewitched brother, and the little roe wept and sat so sorrowfully near to her. But at last the girl said, 'Be quiet, dear little roe, I will never, never leave you.'

Then she unbound her golden garter and put it round the roebuck's neck, and she plucked rushes and wove them into a soft cord. With this she tied the little beast and led it on, and she walked deeper and deeper into the wood.

And when they had gone a very long way they came at last to a little house, and the girl looked in; and as it was empty, she thought, 'We can stay here and live.' Then she sought for leaves and moss to make a soft bed for the roe; and every morning she went out and gathered roots and berries and nuts for herself, and brought tender grass for the roe, who ate out of her hand, and was content and played round about her.

In the evening, when the sister was tired, she said her prayer and laid her head upon the roebuck's back: that was her pillow, and she slept softly on it. And if only the brother had had his human form it would have been a fine life.

For some time they were alone like this in the wild wood. But it happened that the King of the country had a great hunt in the wood. Then the blasts of the horns, the bark of dogs, and the merry shouts of the huntsmen rang through the trees, and the roebuck heard it and would have liked to be with them. 'Oh,' said he to his sister, 'let me be off to the hunt, I cannot bear it any longer;' and he begged so much that at last she agreed. 'But,' said she to him, 'come back to me in the evening; I must shut my door for fear of the rough huntsmen, so knock and say, "My little sister, let me in!" so that I may know you; and if you do not say that I shall not open the door.' Then the young roebuck sprang away; and so happy was he and so merry in the open air.

The King and the huntsmen saw the pretty creature, and started after him, but they could not catch him, and when they thought that they surely had him away he sprang through the bushes and could not be seen. When it was dark he ran to the cottage, knocked, and said, 'My little sister, let me in.' Then the door was opened for him, and he jumped in, and rested himself the whole night through upon his soft bed.

The next day the hunt went on afresh, and when the roebuck again heard the bugle-horn, and the ho! ho! of the huntsmen, he had no peace, but said, 'Sister, let me out, I must be off.' His sister opened the door for him and said, 'But you must be here again in the evening and say your pass-word.'

When the King and his huntsmen again saw the young roebuck with the golden-collar, they all chased him, but he was too quick and nimble for them. This

went on for the whole day, but at last by the evening the huntsmen had surrounded him, and one of them wounded him a little in the foot, so that he limped and ran slowly. Then a hunter crept after him to the cottage and heard how he said, 'My little sister, let me in,' and saw that the door was opened for him, and was shut again at once. The huntsman took notice of it all, and went to the King and told him what he had seen and heard. Then the King said, 'To-morrow we will hunt once more.'

The little sister, however, was dreadfully frightened when she saw that her roebuck was hurt. She washed the blood off him, put on herbs, and said, 'Go to your bed, dear roe, that you may get well again.' But the wound was so slight that the roebuck, next morning, did not feel it any more. And when he heard again the noise of the hunt outside, he said, 'I cannot bear it, I must be there; they shall not catch me so soon.' The sister cried, and said, 'This time they will kill you, and here am I alone in the forest and forsaken by all the world. I will not let you out.' 'Then you will have me die of grief,' answered the roe; 'when I hear the bugle-horns I feel as if I must jump out of my skin' Then the sister could not do otherwise, but opened the door for him with a heavy heart, and the roebuck, well and full of joy, leapt out into the forest.

When the King saw him, he said to his huntsmen, 'Now chase him all day long till night-fall, but take care that no one does him any harm.'

As soon as the sun was set, the King said to the huntsmen, 'Now come and show me the cottage in the wood;' and when he was at the door he knocked and called out, 'Dear little sister, let me in.' Then the door opened, and the King walked in, and there stood a maiden more lovely than any he had ever seen. The maiden was frightened when she saw, not her roebuck, but a man come in who wore a golden crown upon his

head. But the King looked kindly at her, reached out his hand, and said, 'Will you go with me to my palace and be my dear wife?' 'Yes, indeed,' answered the maiden, 'but the roebuck must go with me, I cannot leave him.' The King said, 'It shall stay with you as long as you live, and shall want nothing.' Just then he came running in, and the sister again tied to him the cord of rushes, took him in her own hand, and went away with the King from the cottage.

The King took the lovely maiden upon his horse and brought her to his palace, where the wedding was held with great pomp. She was now the Queen, and they lived for a long time happily together; the roebuck was tended and cherished, and ran about in the palace-garden.

But the wicked step-mother, by whose means the children had gone out into the world, thought all the time that the sister had been torn to pieces by the wild beasts in the wood, and that the brother had been shot for a roebuck by the huntsmen. Now when she heard that they had had such good luck, and were so well off, envy and hatred rose in her heart and left her no peace, and she thought of nothing but how she could bring them again to misfortune. Her own daughter who was as ugly as night, and had only one eye, grumbled at her and said, 'A Queen! that ought to have been my luck.' 'Only be quiet,' answered the old woman, and said cheerfully, 'when the time comes I shall be ready.'

As time went on, the Queen had a pretty little boy, and it happened that the King was out hunting; so the old witch took the form of the chamber-maid, went into the room where the Queen lay, and said to her, 'Come, the bath is ready; it will do you good, and give you fresh strength; make haste before it gets cold.' The daughter also was close by; she led the weakly Queen into the bath-room, and put her into the

bath; then she shut the door and ran away. But in the bath-room she had made a fire of such deadly heat that the beautiful young Queen could not live long in it.

When this was done the old woman took her daughter, put on her a nightcap, and laid her in bed in the Queen's place. She gave her too the shape and the look of the Queen, only she could not make good the lost eye. But in order that the King might not see it, she was to lie on the side on which she had no eye.

In the evening when he came home and heard that he had a son he was heartily glad, and was going to the bed of his dear wife to see how she was. But the old woman quickly called out, 'For your life let go the curtains; the Queen ought not yet to see the light, and must have rest.' The King went away and did not find out that a false Queen lay in the bed.

But at midnight when all slept the nurse, who was sitting in the nursery by the cradle, and who was the only person awake, saw the door open and the true Queen walked in. She took the child out of the cradle, laid it on her arm, and gave it food. Then she shook up its pillow, laid it down again, and covered it with the bed-cover. But she did not forget the roebuck. She went into the corner where it lay and stroked its back. Then she went quite silently out of the door again. The next morning the nurse asked the guards whether any one had come into the palace during the night, but they answered, 'No, we have seen no one.'

She came thus many nights and never spoke a word; the nurse always saw her, but she did not dare to tell any one about it.

When some time had passed in this manner, the Queen began to speak in the night, and she said—

'How fares my child, how fares my roe?
Twice shall I come, then never more.'

The nurse did not answer, but when she had gone

again she went to the King and told him all. The King said, 'Ah heavens! what is this? to-night I will watch by the child.' In the evening he went into the nursery, and at midnight the Queen again appeared and said—

'How fares my child, how fares my roe?
Once will I come, then never more.'

And she nursed the child, as she was wont to do before she passed away. The King dared not speak to her, but on the next night he watched again. Then she said—

'How fares my child, how fares my roe?
This time I come, then never more.'

Then the King could not restrain himself; he sprang towards her, and said, 'You can be none other than my dear wife.' She answered, 'Yes, I am your dear wife,' and in the same moment she received life again, and became fresh, and ruddy, and full of health.

Then she told the King the evil deed which the wicked witch and her daughter had done her. The King bade that both be led before the judge, and judgment was delivered against them. The daughter was led into the forest where she was eaten by wild beasts, but the witch was put into the fire and miserably burnt. And as soon as she was burnt the roebuck changed his shape, and received his human form again, so the sister and brother lived happily together for their whole life.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

ONCE there was a shoemaker who by no fault of his had become so poor that at last he had nothing left but leather enough for one pair of shoes. So one evening he cut out the shoes which he was going to work at the next morning, and, as he had a good conscience, he laid himself peacefully upon his bed and went to sleep.

In the morning, after he had said his prayer, and

was going to sit down to work, there stood the two shoes ready made upon his table. He was astonished, and did not know what to say to it. He took the shoes in his hand in order to look more nearly at them; they were so neatly made that there was not a false stitch in them, just as if they were made for a sample. Very soon afterwards in came a customer, and the shoes pleased him so well that he paid more than was usual, and the shoemaker was able to buy with the money leather enough for two pairs of shoes.

He cut them out in the evening, and was going to set to work fresh the next morning; but he had no need, for when he got up they were already finished, and customers were not wanting too, who gave him so much money that he could buy leather for four pairs of shoes. Early next morning also he found the four pairs finished; and so it went on always, what he cut out in the evening was finished in the morning, so that he soon had a good income again, and at last became a well-to-do man.

Now it happened one evening, not long before Christmas, when the man had again been cutting out, that he said to his wife before they went to sleep, 'What if we were to sit up to-night, and see who lends us such a helping hand.' The woman agreed and lit a candle; then they hid themselves in a corner of the room, behind the clothes that were hung up there, and watched. When it was midnight there came two pretty little men, who sat down at the shoemaker's table, took up all the work that was cut out, and began to prick and to sew and to hammer so nimbly and quickly with their little fingers that the shoemaker could not take away his eyes with astonishment. They did not leave off until all was done and stood ready on the table, and then they ran away quickly.

The next morning the woman said, 'The little men

have made us rich, and we must show ourselves grateful for it. They run about so, with nothing on their bodies, that they must be cold. What do you think? I will stitch a shirt, coat, waistcoat, and breeches for them, and knit a pair of stockings for each; make you a pair of shoes for each as well.'

The man said, 'I will gladly do that;' and in the evening when they had everything ready they laid the gifts instead of the cut-out work together on the table, and then hid themselves in order that they might see how the little men would take it.

At midnight they came jumping in, and were going to set to work at once; but when they saw no cut-out leather, and found the pretty little clothes, they at first were astonished, but then showed the greatest delight. With the utmost speed they dressed themselves, fastened the fine clothes on their bodies, and sung—

'Neat and pretty boys are we,
Cobblers we'll no longer be.'

Then they jumped and danced and leapt over chairs and benches. At last they danced themselves out of doors.

From that time forth they did not come again, but it went well with the shoemaker as long as he lived, and he was lucky in everything that he undertook.

LITTLE BRIAR-ROSE.

A LONG time ago there were a King and Queen who said every day, 'Ah, if only we had a child!' but they never had one. But it happened that once when the Queen was bathing, a frog crept out of the water

on to the land, and said to her, 'Your wish shall be fulfilled; before a year has gone you shall have a daughter.'

What the frog had said came true, and the Queen had a little girl who was so pretty that the King could not contain himself for joy, and ordered a great feast. He invited not only his kindred, friends, and acquaintance, but also the Wise Women, in order that they might be kind and well-disposed towards the child. There were thirteen of them in his kingdom, but, as he had only twelve golden plates from which they were to eat, one of them had to be left out.

The feast was held with all manner of splendour, and when it came to an end the Wise Women bestowed their magic gifts upon the baby: one gave virtue, another beauty, a third riches, and so on with everything in the world that one can wish for.

When eleven of them had made their promises, suddenly the thirteenth came in. She wished to avenge herself for not having been invited, and without greeting, or even looking at any one, she cried with a loud voice, 'The King's daughter shall in her fifteenth year prick herself with a spindle, and fall down dead.' And, without saying a word more, she turned round and left the room.

They were all shocked; but the twelfth, who had not yet given her wish, came forward, and though she could not undo the evil sentence, she could soften it, and she said, 'It shall not be death, but a deep sleep for a hundred years, into which the princess shall fall.'

The King, who would fain keep his dear child from the mishap, gave orders that all spindles in the whole kingdom should be burnt. Meanwhile the gifts of the Wise Women were plenteously fulfilled on the young girl, for she was so beautiful, modest, good-natured, and wise, that every one who saw her was bound to love her.

It happened that on the very day when she was fifteen years old, the King and Queen were not at home, and the maiden stayed in the palace quite alone. So she went round into all sorts of places, looked into rooms and bed-chambers just as she liked, and at last came to an old tower. She climbed up the narrow winding staircase, and reached a little door. A rusty key stood in the lock, and when she turned it the door sprang open, and there sat in a little room an old woman with a spindle, busily spinning her flax.

'Good day, you old dame,' said the King's daughter; 'what are you doing there?' 'I am spinning,' said the old woman, and nodded her head. 'What sort of a thing is that, that rattles round so merrily?' said the girl, and she took the spindle and tried to spin. But scarcely had she touched the spindle when the magic decree was fulfilled, and she pricked herself in the finger with it.

And, in the very moment when she felt the prick, she fell down upon the bed that stood there, and lay in a deep sleep. And this sleep extended over the whole palace; the King and Queen who had just come home, and had stepped into the drawing-room, began to go to sleep, and the whole of the court with them. The horses, too, went to sleep in the stable, the dogs in the yard, the pigeons upon the roof, the flies on the wall; even the fire that was flaming on the hearth was quiet and slept, and the roast meat left off frizzling, and the cook, who was just pulling the hair of the scullery boy, because he had forgotten something, let him go, and went to sleep. And the wind fell, and on the trees before the castle not a leaf moved again.

But round about the castle there began to grow a hedge of thorns, which became higher every year, and at last grew close up round the castle and all over it, so there was nothing of it to be seen, not even the flag upon the roof. But the story went about the country of the beautiful sleeping 'Briar-rose,' for so the princess

was named; so that from time to time kings' sons came and tried to get through the thorn-wood into the castle.

But they found it impossible, for the thorns held close together, as if they had hands, and the youths remained hanging in them, and could not get loose again, and died a miserable death.

After long, long years a king's son came again to that country, and heard how an old man told about the thorn-wood, that a castle stood within it in which a wonderfully beautiful princess, named Briar-rose, had been asleep for a hundred years; and that the King and Queen and the whole court were asleep with her. He had heard, too, from his grandfather, that many kings' sons had already come, and had tried to get through the thorn-wood, but they had remained fast in it, and had died a pitiful death. Then the youth said, 'I am not afraid, I will go and see the beautiful Briar-rose.' The good old man might warn him as he would, he did not listen to his words.

But by this time the hundred years had just passed, and the day had come when Briar-rose was to wake again. As the king's son came near to the thorn-wood, it turned into large and beautiful flowers only, which parted from each other, and let him pass unhurt, then they closed again behind him like a hedge. In the castle-yard he saw the horses and the spotted hounds lying asleep; on the roof sat the doves with their heads under their wings. And when he entered the house, the flies were asleep upon the wall, the cook in the kitchen was still holding out her hand to lay hold of the boy, and the maid was sitting before the black hen which she was going to pluck.

He went on further, and in the drawing-room he saw the whole of the court lying asleep, whilst up by the throne lay the King and Queen.

Then he went on further, and all was so quiet that

a breath could be heard, and at last he came to the tower, and opened the door into the little room where Briar-rose was sleeping. There she lay, so beautiful that he could not turn his eyes away; and he bent down and gave her a kiss. But as soon as he touched her Briar-rose opened her eyes and awoke, and looked pleasantly at him.

Then they went down together, and the King woke, and the Queen, and the whole court, and opened their eyes wide at each other. And the horses in the court-yard stood up and shook themselves; the hounds jumped up and wagged their tails; the doves upon the roof pulled out their heads from under their wings, looked round, and flew into the open country; the flies on the wall crept again; the fire in the kitchen burned up and flickered and cooked the meat; the joint began to turn and frizzle again, and the cook gave the boy such a box on the ear that he roared, and the maid plucked the hen ready for the spit.

And soon the marriage of the king's son with Briar-rose was celebrated with all splendour, and they lived contented to the end of their days.

MOTHER HOLLE.

THERE was once a widow who had two daughters—one of whom was pretty and industrious, whilst the other was ugly and idle. But she was much fonder of the ugly and idle one, because she was her own daugh-

ter; and the other, who was a step-daughter, was obliged to do all the work, and be the Cinderella in the house. Every day the poor girl had to sit in the high-way near to a well, and spin and spin till her fingers bled.

Now it happened that one day the shuttle was marked with her blood, so she dipped it in the well, wishing to wash the mark off; but it dropped out of her hand and fell to the bottom. She began to weep, and, running to her step-mother, told her of her mis-hap. But she scolded her sharply, and was so unkind as to say, 'Since you have let the shuttle fall in, you may go fetch it out again.'

So the girl went back to the well, and did not know whatever she should do; and in the sorrow of her heart she jumped into the water to get the shuttle. She lost her senses; and when she awoke and came to herself she was in a lovely meadow where the sun was shining and many thousands of flowers were growing. Along this meadow she went, and at last came to a baker's oven full of bread, and the bread cried out, 'Oh, take me out! take me out! or else I shall burn; I have been done a long time!' So she went up to it, and took out all the loaves one after another with the bread-shovel. After that she went on till she came to a tree covered with apples, which called out to her, 'Oh, shake me! shake me! we apples are all ripe!' So she shook the tree till the apples fell like rain, and went on shaking till there were no more left on; and when she had gathered them all into a heap, she went on her way.

At last she came to a little house, out of which an old woman popped her head; but she had such large teeth that the girl was frightened, and was about to run away. But the old woman called out to her, 'What are you afraid of, dear child? Stay with me; if you will do all the work in the house properly you shall get something good. You must only take care to

make my bed well and to shake it thoroughly till the feathers fly—for then there is snow on the earth. I am Mother Holle.' *

When the old woman spoke so kindly, the girl took courage and agreed to what she said, and set about her work. She attended to everything to the satisfaction of her mistress, and shook her bed so thoroughly that the feathers flew about like snow-flakes. So she had a pleasant life; not an angry word; and boiled or roast meat every day.

She had now been some time with Mother Holle, when she became sad. At first she did not know what was the matter, but found at length that it was home-sickness: although she was a thousand times better off here than at home, still she had a longing to be there. At last she said to the old woman, 'I have a longing for home; and though I am so well off here, yet I cannot stay any longer; I must go back again to my own people.' Mother Holle said, 'I am pleased that you long for your home again, and since you have served me so truly I myself will see you off.' Thereupon she took her by the hand, and led her to a large door. The door was opened, and as the maiden stood just beneath the doorway, a heavy shower of golden rain fell, and the gold remained hanging upon her, so that she was completely covered over with it.

'This is because you have been so diligent,' said Mother Holle; and at the same time she gave her back the shuttle which she had let fall into the well. Thereupon the door closed, and the maiden found herself upon the earth, not far from her mother's house.

And as she came into the yard the cock stood upon the well-side, and cried—

'Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Golden young lady, oh, welcome to you!'

* In some parts of Germany when it snows they say 'Mother Holle is making her bed.'

So she went in to her mother, and since she was so decked out with gold she was well received, both by her and by her sister.

The girl told all that had happened to her; and as soon as the mother heard how she had come by so much wealth, she was very anxious to obtain the same good luck for the other ugly and lazy daughter. She had to set herself down by the well; and in order that her shuttle might be stained with blood she pricked her finger and stuck her hand into a thorn bush. Then she threw her shuttle into the well, and jumped in after it.

She arrived, like the other, at the beautiful meadow and walked along the very same path. When she got to the oven the bread cried out again, 'Oh, take me out! take me out! or else I shall burn; I have been done a long time!' But the lazy thing answered, 'Why should I wish to make myself smutty?' and on she went. Soon she came to the apple-tree, which cried out, 'Oh, shake me! shake me! we apples are all ripe!' But she answered, 'You are quite right; one of you might fall on my head,' and so went on.

When she came to the door of Mother Holle's house she was not afraid, for she had already heard of her big teeth; and she accordingly engaged herself to her.

The first day she set herself to work diligently, and obeyed Mother Holle when she told her to do anything, for she was thinking of all the gold that she would give her. But on the second day she began to get lazy, and on the third day still more so, and she would not get up in the morning. Neither did she make Mother Holle's bed as she ought, and did not shake it so as to make the feathers fly out. Mother Holle was soon tired of this, and gave her notice to leave. The lazy girl was willing enough to go; and now, thought she, the golden rain will come. Mother Holle led her to the door; but as she stood there a big kettle full of pitch was upset over her. 'That is the

reward of your service,' said Mother Holle, and shut the door.

So the lazy one went home; but she was covered with pitch, and the cock on the well-side, as soon as he saw her, cried out—

'Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Oh, pitchy young lady, good morning to you!'

But the pitch stuck fast to her, and could not be got off as long as she lived.

THE MUSICIANS OF BREMEN.

A CERTAIN man had a Donkey, who had carried the corn-sacks to the mill without blame for many a long year: but now his strength was gone so that he was quite unfit for work. So his master was thinking how he might best save his keep; but the Donkey, seeing that no good wind was blowing, ran away and set out on the road to Bremen. 'There,' he thought, 'I can be town musician.' When he had gone on some way, he found a Hound lying on the road, gasping like one who had run till he was tired. 'What are you gasping so for, you big fellow?' asked the Donkey.

'Ah,' replied the Hound, 'as I am old and every day get weaker, and cannot go any more to the hunt, my master has tried to beat me to death. So I took to flight; but now how am I to earn my bread?'

'What do you think?' said the Donkey, 'I am going to Bremen, and shall be town-musician there; go with me and take a part in the music. I will play the lute, and you shall beat the kettle-drums.'

The Hound agreed, and on they went.

Before long they came to a Cat, sitting on the path,

with a face like three rainy days! 'Now then, old shaver, what has gone cross with you?' asked the Donkey.

'Who can be merry when his neck is in danger?' answered the Cat. 'Because I am now getting old, and my teeth are worn to stumps, and I prefer to sit by the fire and spin, rather than hunt about after mice, my mistress wanted to drown me; and so I ran away. But now good advice is scarce; what shall I do now?'

'Go with us to Bremen. You understand night-music, so you can be a town-musician.'

The Cat thought well of it, and went with them. Soon the three tramps came to a Farm-yard, where the Cock was sitting upon the gate crowing with all his might. 'Your crow goes through marrow and bone,' said the Donkey. 'What is the matter?'

'I am foretelling fine weather,' said the Cock; 'but guests are coming for Sunday, so the housewife has no pity, and has told the cook that she would like to eat me in the soup to-morrow; and this evening I must have my head cut off. Now I am crowing at full pitch as long as I can.'

'Ah, but Red-comb,' said the Donkey, 'you had better come away with us. We are going to Bremen; you can find something better than death anywhere; you have a good voice, and if we make music together it must have some quality!'

The Cock agreed to this plan, and all four went on together. They could not, however, reach the city of Bremen in one day, and at evening they came to a wood, where they meant to pass the night. The Donkey and the Hound laid themselves down under a large tree, the Cat and the Cock settled themselves in the branches; but the Cock flew right to the top, where he was most safe. Before he went to sleep he looked round to all the four sides, and he thought he saw in the distance a little spark burning; so he called out

to his companions that there must be a house not far off, for he saw a light. The Donkey said, 'If so, we had better get up and go on, for the shelter here is bad.' The Hound thought that a few bones with some meat on would do him good too!

So they made their way to the place where the light was, which grew brighter and larger, until they came to a well-lighted robber's cottage. The Donkey, as the biggest, went to the window and looked in.

'What do you see, Gray-coat?' asked the Cock. 'What do I see?' answered the Donkey; 'a table laid out with good things to eat and drink, and robbers sitting at it enjoying themselves.' 'That would be the sort of thing for us,' said the Cock. 'Yes, yes; ah, I wish we were there,' said the Donkey.

Then the animals took counsel together how they should manage to drive away the robbers, and at last they thought of a plan. The Donkey must place himself with his fore feet upon the window ledge, the Hound must jump on the Donkey's back, the Cat must climb upon the Dog, and lastly the Cock must fly up and perch upon the head of the Cat.

When this was done, at a given signal they began to perform their music together: the Donkey brayed, the Hound barked, the Cat mewed, and the Cock crowed; then they burst through the window into the room, so that the glass clattered! Terrified at this horrible din, the robbers sprang up, thinking nothing less than a ghost had come in, and fled in a great fright out into the forest. The four companions now sat down at the table well content with what was left, and ate as if they were going to fast for a month.

As soon as the four minstrels had done, they put out the light, and each sought for himself a sleeping place, according to his nature and to what suited him. The Donkey laid himself down upon some straw in the yard, the Hound behind the door, the Cat upon the hearth,

near the warm ashes, and the Cock perched himself upon a beam of the roof; and being tired with their long walk they soon went to sleep.

When it was past midnight, and the robbers saw from afar that the light was no longer burning in their house, and all appeared quiet, the captain said, 'We ought not to have been frightened out of our wits;' and he ordered one of them to go forward and look at the house.

The messenger, finding all still, went into the kitchen to light a candle, and, taking the glistening fiery eyes of the Cat for live coals, he held a lucifer-match to them, that it might take fire. But the Cat did not understand the joke, and flew in his face, spitting and scratching. He was dreadfully frightened, ran off to the back door; but the Dog, who lay there, sprang up and bit his leg; and as he ran across the yard by the straw-heap the Donkey gave him a smart kick with its hind foot. The Cock, too, who had been awakened by the noise, and had become lively, cried from the beam, 'Cock-a-doodle-doo!'

Then the robber ran back as well as he could to his captain, and said, 'Ah, there is a horrible witch sitting in the house, who spat on me and scratched my face with her long nails; and before the door stands a man with a knife, who stuck me in the leg; and in the yard there lies a black monster, who beat me with a wooden club; and above, upon the roof, sits the judge, who called out, "Bring the rogue here, do!" so I got away as well as I could.'

After this the robbers did not trust themselves in the house again; but it suited the four musicians of Bremen so well that they did not care to leave it any more.

OLD SULTAN.

A FARMER once had a faithful dog called Sultan, who had grown old, and lost all his teeth, so that he could no longer hold anything fast. One day the farmer was standing with his wife before the house-door, and said, 'To-morrow I intend to shoot Old Sultan, he is no longer of any use.'

His wife, who felt pity for the faithful beast, answered, 'He has served us so long, and been so faithful, that we might well give him his keep.'

'Eh! what?' said the man; 'You are not very sharp. He has not a tooth left in his mouth, and not a thief is afraid of him; now he may be off. If he has served us he has had good feeding for it.'

The poor dog, who was lying stretched out in the sun not far off, had heard everything, and was sorry that the morrow was to be his last day. He had a good friend, the Wolf, and he crept out in the evening into the forest to him, and complained of the fate that awaited him. 'Hark ye, gossip,' said the Wolf, 'be of good cheer, I will help you out of your trouble. I have thought of something. To-morrow, early in the morning, your master is going with his wife to make hay, and will take their little child with them, for no one will be left behind in the house. They are wont, during work-time, to lay the child under the hedge in the shade; you lay yourself there too, just as if you wished to guard it. Then I will come out of the wood, and carry off the child. You must rush swiftly after me, as if you would seize it again from me. I will let it fall, and you will take it back to its parents, who will think that you have saved it, and will be far too grateful to do you any harm; on the contrary, you will be in high favour, and they will never let you want for anything again.'

The plan pleased the Dog and it was carried out just as it was arranged. The father screamed when he saw the Wolf running across the field with his child, but when Old Sultan brought it back then he was full of joy, and stroked him and said, 'Not a hair of yours shall be hurt, you shall eat my bread free as long as you live.' And to his wife he said, 'Go home at once and make Old Sultan some bread-sop that he will not have to bite, and bring the pillow out of my bed, I will give him that to lie upon.'

Henceforward Old Sultan was as well off as he could wish to be.

Soon afterwards the Wolf visited him, and was pleased that everything had succeeded so well. 'But, gossip,' said he, 'you will just wink an eye if when I have a chance I carry off one of your master's fat sheep.' 'Do not reckon upon that,' answered the Dog; 'I will remain true to my master; I would not agree to that.' The Wolf, who thought that this could not be spoken in earnest, came creeping about in the night and was going to take away the sheep. But the farmer, to whom the faithful Sultan had told the Wolf's plan, caught him and dressed his hide soundly with the flail. The Wolf had to pack off, but he cried out to the Dog, 'Wait a bit, you scoundrel, you shall pay for this.'

The next morning the Wolf sent the Boar to challenge the Dog to come out into the forest so that they might settle the affair. Old Sultan could find no one to stand by him but a cat with only three legs, and as they went out together the poor Cat limped along and at the same time stretched out her tail into the air with pain.

The Wolf and his friend were already on the spot appointed, but when they saw their enemy coming they thought that he was bringing a sword with him, for they mistook the outstretched tail of the Cat for one. And when the poor beast hopped so upon three legs, they could only think every time that it was picking up

a stone to throw at them. So they were both afraid: the Wild Boar crept into the under-wood and the Wolf jumped up a tree.

The Dog and the Cat, when they came up, wondered that there was no one to be seen. The Wild Boar however had not been able to hide himself altogether; and one of his ears was still to be seen. Whilst the Cat was looking carefully about, the Boar moved his ear; the Cat, who thought it was a mouse moving there, jumped upon it and bit it hard. The Boar made a fearful noise and ran away, crying out, 'The guilty one is up in the tree.' The Dog and Cat looked up and saw the Wolf, who was ashamed of having shown himself so timid, and made friends with the Dog.

THE GOLDEN GOOSE.

THERE was a man who had three sons, the youngest of whom was called Dummling; he was despised and mocked and put down upon every occasion.

It happened that the eldest wanted to go into the forest to hew wood, and before he went his mother gave him a beautiful sweet cake and a bottle of wine in order that he might not get hungry or thirsty.

When he came to the forest there met him a little gray-haired old man who bid him good day, and said, 'Give me a piece of cake out of your pocket, and let me have a draught of your wine, I am so hungry and thirsty.' But the prudent youth answered, 'If I give you my cake and wine I shall have none myself; go away,' and he left the little man standing and went on.

But when he began to hew down a tree, it was not long before he made a false stroke, and the axe cut him

in the arm, so that he had to go home and have it bound up. Now this happened through the little old man.

Afterwards the second son went into the wood and his mother gave him, like the eldest, a cake and a bottle of wine. The little old man met him likewise and asked him for a piece of cake and a drink of wine. But the second son, too, said with much reason, 'What I give you will be taken away from myself; be off!' and he left the little man standing and went on. His punishment, however, did not tarry; when he had made a few strokes at the tree he struck himself in the leg, so that he had to be carried home.

Then Dummling said, 'Father, do let me go and cut wood.' The father answered, 'Your brothers have hurt themselves with it, leave it alone, you do not understand anything about it.' But Dummling begged so long that at last he said, 'Be off, then, you will get wiser by hurting yourself.' His mother gave him a cake made with water and baked in the cinders, and with it a bottle of sour beer.

As he came into the forest the little old man likewise met him, and greeting him, said, 'Give me a piece of your cake and a drink out of your bottle; I am so hungry and thirsty.' Dummling answered, 'I have only cinder-cake and sour beer; if that pleases you, we will sit down and eat.' So they sat down, and when Dummling pulled out his cinder-cake, it was a fine sweet cake, and the sour beer had become good wine. So they ate and drank, and after that the little man said, 'Since you have a good heart, and are glad to divide what you have, I will give you good luck. There stands an old tree, and you will find something at the roots.' So the old man went away.

Dummling went and cut down the tree, and when it fell there was sitting in the roots a goose with feathers of pure gold. He lifted her up, and taking her with him, went to an inn where he thought he would stay

the night. Now the host had three daughters who saw the goose and were curious to know what such a wonderful bird might be, and would have liked to have one of its golden feathers.

The eldest thought, 'I shall soon find an opportunity of pulling out a feather,' and as soon as ever Dummling had gone out she seized the goose by the wing, but her finger and hand remained stuck fast to it.

The second came soon afterwards, thinking only of how she might get a feather for herself, but she had scarcely touched her sister than she was held fast.

At last the third also came with like intent, and the others screamed out, 'Keep away, for goodness' sake, keep away!' But she did not understand why she had to keep away. 'The others are there,' she thought, 'I may as well be there too,' and ran to them; but as soon as she had touched her sister she remained stuck fast to her. So they had to spend the night with the goose.

The next morning Dummling took the goose under his arm and set out, without troubling himself about the three girls who were hanging on to it. They were obliged to run after him always, now left, now right, just as his legs went.

In the middle of the fields the parson met them, and when he saw the train he said, 'For shame, you good-for-nothing girls, why are you running across the fields after this young man? is that seemly?' At the same time he seized the youngest by the hand in order to pull her away, but as soon as he touched her he likewise hung fast and was obliged to run behind himself.

Before long the sexton came by and saw his master, the parson, running on foot behind three girls. He was astonished at this and called out, 'Hi! your reverence, whither away so quickly? do not forget that we have a christening to-day!' and running after him he took him by the sleeve, but was also held fast hanging to it.

Whilst the five were trotting thus one behind the other, two labourers came with their hoes from the fields; the parson called out to them and begged that they would set him and the sexton free. But they had scarcely touched the sexton when they were held fast, and now there were seven running behind Dummling and the goose.

Soon afterwards he came to a city, where there ruled a King who had a daughter who was so serious that no one could make her laugh. So he had put forth a decree that whosoever should be able to get her to laugh should marry her. When Dummling heard this, he went with his goose and all her train before the King's daughter, and as soon as she saw the seven people running on and on one behind the other, she set off laughing aloud as if she would never leave off. Thereupon Dummling asked for her for his wife, and the wedding was celebrated. After the King's death Dummling inherited the kingdom, and lived a long time contentedly with his wife.

HANS IN LUCK.

HANS had served his master for seven years, so he said to him, 'Master, my time is up; now I should be glad to go back home to my mother; give me my wages.' The master answered, 'You have served me faithfully and honestly; such as the service was so shall the reward be;' and he gave him a piece of gold as big as Hans's head. Hans pulled his handkerchief out of his pocket, wrapped up the lump in it, put it on his shoulder, and started on the way home.

As he went on, with one leg always before the other, he noticed a rider who was trotting quickly

and merrily by on a lively horse. 'Ah!' said Hans quite loud, 'what a fine thing it is to ride! There you sit as on a chair; you stumble over no stones, you save your shoes, and get on you don't know how.'

The rider, who had heard him, stopped and called out, 'Hi! Hans, why do you go on foot then?'

'I suppose I must,' answered he, 'for I have this lump to carry home; it is true that it is gold, but I cannot keep my head straight with it, and it hurts my shoulder.'

'I will tell you what,' said the rider, 'we will change: I will give you my horse, and you can give me your lump.'

'With all my heart,' said Hans, 'but I can tell you, you will have to crawl along with it.'

The rider got down, took the gold, and helped Hans up; then gave him the bridle tight in his hands and said, 'If you want to go quite quickly, you must click your tongue and call out Jup! Jup!'

Hans was happy as he sat upon the horse and rode away so bold and free. After a little while he thought that it might go still more quickly, and he began to click with his tongue and call out Jup! Jup! The horse put himself into a sharp trot, and before Hans knew where he was he was thrown off and lay in a ditch which separated the field from the highway. The horse would have gone off too if it had not been stopped by a countryman who was coming along the road and drove a cow before him.

Hans got his limbs together and stood up on his legs again, but he was vexed, and said to the countryman, 'It is a poor joke, this riding, especially when one gets hold of a mare like this, that kicks and throws one off, so that one may break one's neck. Never again will I mount. Now I like your cow, for one can walk quietly behind, and have, over and above, milk, butter, and cheese every day without fail. What would I not give

if I had such a cow.' 'Well,' said the countryman, 'if it would give you so much pleasure I do not mind giving the cow for the horse.' Hans agreed with the greatest pleasure; the countryman jumped upon the horse and rode quickly away.

Hans drove the cow quietly before him and thought over his lucky bargain. 'If I have only a morsel of bread—and that can hardly fail me—I can eat butter and cheese with it as often as I like; if I am thirsty, I can milk my cow and drink the milk. My goodness, what more can I want!'

When he came to an inn he made a halt, and in his great content ate what he had with him—his dinner and supper—all up, and with his last few farthings had half a glass of beer. Then he drove his cow onwards on the road to his mother's village.

As it got nearer to midday the heat was very great, and Hans found himself upon a moor which it took about an hour to cross. He felt it very hot and his tongue cleaved to his lips with thirst. 'I can find a cure for this,' thought Hans; 'I will milk the cow now and refresh myself with the milk.' He tied her to an old tree, and as he had no pail he put his leather cap underneath; but try as he would, not a drop of milk came. And since he set himself to work in a clumsy way, the impatient beast at last gave him such a blow on his head with its hind foot that he fell on the ground and for a long time could not think where he was.

By good fortune a butcher just then came along the road with a wheel-barrow, in which lay a young pig. 'What sort of a joke is this?' cried he, and helped the good Hans up. Hans told him what had happened. The butcher gave him his flask and said, 'Take a drink and refresh yourself. The cow certainly will give no milk, it is an old beast; at the best it is only fit for the plough or for the butcher. 'Well, well,' said Hans, as

he stroked his hair down on his head, 'who would have thought it. Certainly it is a fine thing when one can kill a beast like that at home; what meat one has! But I do not care much for cow-flesh, it is not juicy enough for me. But a young pig like that is the thing to have; it tastes rather different; and then the sausages.'

'Hark ye, Hans,' said the butcher, 'out of love for you I will change, and will let you have the pig for the cow.' 'Heaven repay you for your kindness,' said Hans as he gave up the cow, whilst the pig was let out of the barrow, and the cord by which it was tied was put in his hand.

Hans went on, and thought to himself how everything had gone just as wished; if he met with any vexation it was immediately set right. Presently there joined him a lad who was carrying a fine white goose under his arm. They said good morning to each other, and Hans began to tell of his good luck, and how he had always made such good bargains. The boy told him that he was taking the goose to a christening-dinner. 'Just lift her,' added he, and laid hold of her by the wings; 'how heavy she is—she has been fattened up for the last eight weeks. Whoever has a bit of her roasted will have to wipe the fat from both sides of his mouth.' 'Yes,' said Hans, as he weighed her in one hand, 'she is a good weight, but my pig is no bad one.'

Meanwhile the lad looked suspiciously from one side to the other and shook with his head. 'Look here,' he said at length, 'it may not be all right with your pig. In the village through which I passed the Justice himself had one stolen out of his stable. I fear—I fear that you have got hold of it there. They have sent round people, and it would be a bad business if they caught you with the pig; at the very least you would be shut up in the dark hole.'

The good Hans was terrified. 'Goodness!' said he,

'help me out of this fix; you know more about the place, take my pig and give me your goose.' 'I shall run some risk at that game,' answered the lad, 'but I will not be the cause of your meeting with ill-luck.' So he took the string in his hand, and drove away the pig quickly along a side path.

The good Hans, set free from care, went homewards with the goose under his arm. 'When I think over it properly,' said he to himself, 'I have even gained by the bargain: first there is the good roast, then the quantity of fat which will drip from it, and which will give me bread and dripping for a quarter of a year, and lastly the beautiful white feathers; I will have my pillow stuffed with them, and then I may well go to sleep on it without rocking. How glad my mother will be!'

As he was going through the last village, there stood a scissor-grinder with his barrow; as his wheel whirred he sang—

'I sharpen scissors and quickly grind,
My coat blows out in the wind behind.'

Hans stood still and looked at him; at last he spoke to him and said, 'You are getting on well, since you are so merry with your grinding.' 'Yes,' answered the scissor-grinder, 'the trade has a golden foundation. A real grinder is a man who as often as he puts his hand into his pocket finds gold in it. But where did you buy that fine goose?'

'I did not buy it, but changed it for my pig.'

'And the pig?'

'That I got for a cow.'

'And the cow?'

'I took that instead of a horse.'

'And the horse?'

'For that I gave a lump of gold as big as my head.'

'And the gold?'

'Well, that was my wages for seven years' service.'

'You have known how to look after yourself each time,' said the grinder. 'If you can only get on so far as to hear the money jingle in your pocket whenever you stand up, you will have made your fortune.'

'How shall I manage that?' said Hans. 'You must be a grinder, as I am; nothing particular is wanted for it but a grindstone, the rest finds itself. I have one here; it is certainly a little worn, but you need not give me anything for it but your goose; do you agree to that?'

'How can you ask?' answered Hans. 'I shall be the luckiest fellow on earth; if I have money as often as I put my hand in my pocket what need I trouble about any longer?' and he handed him the goose and received the grindstone in exchange. 'Now,' said the grinder, as he took up an ordinary heavy paving-stone that lay by him, 'here is a useful stone for you into the bargain; you can hammer well upon it, and straighten your old nails. Take it with you and keep it carefully.'

Hans took the stone, and went on with a contented heart; his eyes shone with joy. 'I must have been born lucky,' he cried out; 'everything I want happens to me as if I were a Sunday-child.'

Meanwhile, as he had been on his legs since the break of day, he began to get tired. Hunger also attacked him, for in his joy over the bargain by which he got the cow he had eaten up all his food. At last he could only go on with great trouble, and was forced to stop every minute; the stones too weighed him down dreadfully. Thus he could not help thinking how nice it would be if he had not to carry them just then.

He managed to creep like a snail to a pond, and there he thought that he would rest and restore himself with a fresh draught of water, but in order that he might not injure the stones in sitting down, he laid them carefully by his side on the edge of the pond.

Then he knelt down, and was going to bend to drink, when he made a slip, pushed the stones, and both of them fell into the water. Hans when he had seen them with his own eyes sink to the bottom jumped up with joy, then with tears in his eyes he gave thanks in that even this favour had been shown to him, and that he had been delivered in so nice a way, and without any need to reproach himself, from these heavy stones which alone had hindered him hitherto.

'There is no man under the sun so happy as I am,' he cried out. With a light heart and free from every burden he now ran on until he was with his mother at home.

THE OLD MAN AND HIS GRANDSON.

THERE was once a very old man, his eyes had become dim, and his ears dull of hearing, and his knees trembled. And when he sat at table and could hardly hold the spoon he would spill the broth upon the tablecloth. His son and his son's wife were vexed about this, and at last they made the old grandfather sit in the corner behind the stove, and gave him his food in an earthenware bowl, and hardly enough of it too. And he used to look towards the table with his eyes full of tears. Once, too, his trembling hands could not hold the bowl, and it fell to the ground and broke. The young wife scolded him, but he said nothing and only sighed. Then they bought him a wooden bowl for a few half-pence, out of which he had to eat.

They were sitting thus when the little grandson of four years old began to fit some boards together upon the ground. 'What are you doing?' asked the father. 'I am making a trough,' answered the child, 'for father and mother to eat out of when I am big.'

The man and his wife looked at each other for a while, and presently began to cry. Then they took the old grandfather to the table, and henceforth always let him eat with them, and said nothing when he spilt a little.

THE WHITE SERPENT.

A LONG time ago there lived a King who was famed for his wisdom through all the land. Nothing was hidden from him, and it seemed as if news of the most secret things was brought to him through the air. But he had a strange custom; every day after dinner, when the table was cleared, and no one else was present, a trusty servant had to bring him one more dish. It was covered, however, and even the servant did not know what was in it, for the King never took off the cover to eat of it until he was quite alone.

This had gone on for a long time, when one day, as the servant was taking away the dish, he was overcome with such curiosity that he could not help taking the dish into his room. Then he locked the door carefully, took off the cover, and saw a white serpent lying in it. But when he saw it he could not keep himself from tasting it, so he cut off a little bit and put it into his mouth. No sooner had it touched his tongue than he heard a strange whispering of little voices outside his window. He went and listened, and then noticed that it came from the sparrows, who were chattering together, and telling one another what they had seen in the fields and woods. The taste of the Serpent had given him the power of understanding the language of animals.

Now it so happened that on this very day the

Queen lost her most beautiful ring, and the suspicion of having stolen it fell upon the trusty servant, who was allowed to go everywhere. The King ordered the man to be brought before him, and threatened with angry words that unless he could on the morrow point out the thief he should be looked upon as guilty and judged. In vain he declared his innocence; he was sent out with no better hope.

In his trouble and fear he went down into the court-yard and took thought how to help himself in his trouble. Now some ducks were sitting quietly by a brook and taking their rest; and. whilst they were making their feathers smooth with their bills, they were having a private talk together. The servant stood by and listened. They were telling one another where they had been waddling about all the morning, and all the good food they had found; and one said, in a pitiful tone, 'Something lies heavy on my stomach; as I was eating in haste this morning I swallowed a ring which lay under the Queen's window.' The servant at once seized her by the neck, ran with her to the kitchen, and said to the cook, 'Here is a fine duck; pray kill her.' 'Yes,' said the cook, and weighed her in his hand; 'she has spared no trouble to fatten herself, and has been waiting to be roasted long enough.' So he cut off her head, and as she was being dressed for the spit the Queen's ring was found inside her.

The servant could now easily prove his innocence; and the King, to make amends for the wrong, allowed him to ask a favour, and the best place in the court that he might wish for. The servant said that he wished for nothing more than a horse and some money for travelling, as he had a mind to see the world and go about in it a little.

His request was granted; and he set out, and travelled on, till one day he came to a pond, where he saw three fishes caught in the rushes and trying to get back

to the water. Now, though it is said that fishes are dumb, yet he heard them lamenting that they must perish so miserably, and, as he had a kind heart, he got off his horse and put the three fishes back into the water. Then they waggled their tails for joy, put out their heads, and cried out, 'We will remember you! one good turn deserves another.'

He rode on, and after a while it seemed to him that he heard a voice in the sand at his feet. He listened, and heard an Ant-king complain, 'Why cannot folks, with their clumsy beasts, leave us in peace? That stupid horse, with his heavy hoofs, has been treading down my people without mercy!' So he turned off the path on to one side, and the Ant-king cried out, 'We will remember you! one good turn deserves another.'

The path led him into a wood, and there he saw two old ravens standing by their nest, and throwing out their young ones. 'Out with you, you idle, good-for-nothing creatures!' cried they; 'we cannot find food for you any longer; you are big enough, and must provide for yourselves.' But the young Ravens lay upon the ground flapping their wings, and cried, 'Oh, what poor helpless chicks we are! We must shift for ourselves, and yet we cannot fly! We can do nothing but lie here and starve.' So the good young fellow got off his horse and fed them. Then they came hopping up to him, and cried, 'We will remember you! one good turn deserves another.'

He travelled on, and, going a long way, came to a large city. There was a great noise and crowd in the streets, and a man rode up and down on horseback, crying aloud, 'The King's daughter wants a husband; but whoever sues for her hand must fulfil a hard task, and if he does not succeed he will forfeit his life.' Many had already made the trial and had lost their lives; but when the youth saw the King's daughter he was so overcome by her great beauty that he forgot all

danger, went before the King, and declared himself a suitor.

Then he was led out to the seaside, and in his sight a gold ring was thrown into the waves; then the King ordered him to fetch this ring up from the bottom of the sea, and added, 'If you come up again without it you will be thrown in again and again until you perish.' All the people grieved for the handsome youth; then they went away, leaving him alone by the sea.

He stood on the shore and thought over what he should do, when all on a sudden he saw three fishes come swimming along, and they were the very fishes whose lives he had saved. The one in the middle held a mussel in its mouth, which it laid on the shore at his feet, and when he had taken it up and opened it, there lay the gold ring in the shell. Full of joy he took it to the King, and expected that he would grant him the promised reward.

But the proud princess scorned him when she heard that he was not her equal in birth, and required him first to perform another task. She went down into the garden and strewed with her own hands ten sacks-full of millet-seeds on the grass; then she said, 'To-morrow morning before sunrise these must be picked up, and not a single grain be left.'

The youth sat down in the garden and considered how it might be possible to fulfil this task, but he could think of nothing, and there he sat sorrowfully awaiting the break of day, when he should be led to death. But as soon as the first rays of the sun shone into the garden he saw all the ten sacks standing side by side, quite full, and not a single grain was missing. The Ant-king had come in the night with thousands and thousands of ants, and the grateful creatures had by great industry picked up all the millet-seeds and gathered them into the sacks.

Presently the King's daughter came herself down into the garden, and was amazed to see that the young man had done the task that had been given to him. But she could not yet conquer her proud heart, and said, 'Although he has performed both the tasks, he shall not be my husband until he has brought me an apple from the Tree of Life.'

The youth did not know where the Tree of Life stood, but he set out, and would have gone on for ever, as long as his legs would carry him, though he had no hope of finding it. After he had wandered through three countries, he came one evening to a wood, and sat down under a tree in order to sleep. But he heard a rustling in the branches, and a golden apple fell into his hand. At the same time three ravens flew down to him, perched themselves upon his knee, and said, 'We are the three young Ravens whom you saved from starving; after we had grown big, and heard that you were seeking the Golden Apple, we flew over the sea to the end of the world, where the Tree of Life stands, and have brought you the apple.' The youth, full of joy, went back homewards, and took the Golden Apple to the King's beautiful daughter, who now made no more excuses. They cut the Apple of Life in two and ate it together; and her heart was full of love for him, and they lived in continual happiness to a great old age.

THE PORRIDGE-POT.

THERE was once a poor but good little girl, who lived alone with her mother; and at last they had nothing left to eat. One day the child went out into the wood, and there she met an old woman who already

knew her trouble. She gave her a little pot, and told her that whenever she said 'Little pot, boil,' it would at once boil a dish of good oatmeal porridge; and as soon as she said 'Little pot, stop,' then it would leave off boiling.

The little girl brought the pot home to her mother and they were now rid of their poverty and hunger, and had good porridge as often as they liked.

One day, when the little girl was gone into the wood, her mother went to the pot and said, 'Little pot, boil.' Forthwith it began to boil, and the old woman ate as much as she could. Then she wanted the pot to stop, but she did not know the proper words.

So the pot went on boiling, and the porridge boiled over, and ran down the sides; and still it boiled on until the kitchen and the whole house were full; and after that the next house, and then the street, as if the whole town had to be fed. And there was a dreadful to-do, and people were at their wits' end.

At last, when there was only one house left, the child returned home, and she only said 'Little pot, stop,' when it stopped, and left off boiling. But whoever wanted to get back into the town had to eat his way through the porridge.

THE POOR MAN AND THE RICH MAN.

IN olden times, when angels used to walk about on this earth amongst men, it once happened that one was overtaken by the darkness before he could get a night's lodging. Before him on the road were two houses facing each other; the one was large and beautifully built, the other was small and poor. The large

one belonged to a rich man, and the small one to a poor man.

'Well,' the angel thought, 'I shall be no burden to the rich man, I will knock at his door.' When the rich man heard the knocking, he opened the window and asked the stranger what he wanted. The angel answered, 'I only ask for a night's lodging.'

Then the rich man looked at him from head to foot, and as the angel had on common clothes, and did not look like one who had much money in his pocket, he shook his head, saying, 'No, I cannot take you in, my rooms are full of plants and seeds; and if I were to lodge everyone who knocks at my door, I might very soon go begging myself. Go somewhere else for a lodging,' and with this he shut down the window and left the angel standing there.

So the angel turned his back on the rich man, and went over to the poor man's house and knocked. He had hardly done so when the poor man opened the door and bade the traveller come in, and stay over night with him. 'It is already dark,' said he; 'you cannot go any further to-night.' The angel was very much pleased at his saying this, and he went in. The poor man's wife gave him her hand and welcomed him, saying he must make himself at home and put up with what they had got; they had not much to offer him, but what they had they would give him with all their hearts. Then she put the potatoes on, and while they were boiling she milked the goat, that they might have something to drink with them. When the cloth was laid, the angel sat down with them; and he enjoyed their coarse food very much, for there were happy faces at the table. When they had had supper and it was bed-time, the woman whispered to her husband,

'I say, husband, let us make up a bed of straw to-night, shall we? and then the traveller can sleep in

our bed and have a good rest, for he has been walking all day, and that makes one weary.' 'With all my heart,' answered the man. 'I will go and tell him;' and he went to the angel and told him that if he would, he might make use of their bed and have a good rest. But the angel was unwilling to take their bed from them; however, they would not be satisfied, until at length he gave in to them and lay down in their bed, while they themselves lay on some straw on the ground.

Next morning they got up before daybreak and prepared a simple breakfast. When the sun shone in through the window, the angel got up, and had breakfast with the poor people, and then prepared to set out again on his journey.

But as he was standing at the door he turned round and said, 'As you have been so kind and good, you may wish three things and they shall be fulfilled.' Then the man said, 'What else should I wish but eternal happiness, and that we two, as long as we live, may be healthy and have every day our daily bread; for the third wish I do not know what to have.' And the angel said to him, 'Would not you like a new house instead of this old one?' 'Yes,' said the man; 'I should like that if I can have it.' And the angel fulfilled his wish, and changed their old house into a new one, and then he left them and went on.

The sun was high when the rich man got up and leaned out of his window. He saw a pretty house with red tiles and bright windows where the old hut used to be. He was very much astonished, and called his wife and said to her, 'Just look! How has that happened? Yesterday there was a miserable little hut standing there, and now there is a pretty new cottage. Run over and see how it is.'

So his wife went and asked the poor people, and they said to her, 'Yesterday evening a traveller came

here and asked for a night's lodging, and this morning on leaving us he granted us three wishes—eternal happiness, health and our daily bread while we are in this life, and, besides these, a pretty new cottage instead of our old hut.'

When the rich man's wife heard this, she ran back and told her husband how it had happened; and he broke out, 'I wish I may be hanged! Would that I had only known that! The traveller came to our house too, and I sent him away.' 'Quick!' said his wife, 'get on our horse. You can still catch the man up and get three wishes granted you.'

So the rich man mounted directly and soon came up with the angel, and he addressed him politely and told him he must not take it amiss that he had not let him in directly; he was looking for the front door key when the stranger had gone off; when he came back again he must come and stay with him. 'Yes,' said the angel; 'if I ever come back again I will do so.' Then the rich man asked if he might not have three wishes too, as his neighbour had had. 'Yes,' said the angel, he might, but it would not be to his advantage, and he had better not wish anything; but the rich man thought that he could choose something which would add to his happiness, if he only knew that it would be fulfilled. So the angel said to him, 'Ride home then, and the three wishes which you shall wish will be fulfilled.'

The rich man had now gained what he wanted, so he rode home, considering what he should wish. As he was going along deep in thought he let the reins fall, and the horse began to caper about, and this disturbed his meditation; he could not collect his thoughts at all. He patted it on the neck, saying, 'Gently, Polly;' but the horse reared up again. Then he began to grow angry, and when the horse again reared, he cried out impatiently, 'I wish your neck was broken!' Directly

he had said the words, down he fell on the ground, and there lay the horse dead; for it never moved again.

Thus his first wish was fulfilled. As he was miserly by nature, he did not like to leave the harness lying there; so he took it off, and throwing it on his back, he set off home on foot, and consoled himself by thinking, 'You have still two wishes left.'

Sometimes he thought he had hit upon the best thing, but then afterwards it would appear too small and insignificant. Among other thoughts it occurred to him that his wife was just then having an easy time of it, sitting in a cool room enjoying her dinner. This made him feel very cross, and without thinking what he was doing he said, 'I wish she was sitting on this saddle at home and was not able to get off, instead of my having to toil with it on my back.' As he uttered the last word the saddle disappeared from his back, and he saw that his second wish was fulfilled.

Now he began to feel very anxious, and set off running, for he wanted to get home and shut himself up quite alone in his room, to think of something grand for his last wish. But when he got home and opened the door, there he saw his wife sitting on the saddle, screaming and crying, for she could not get down. And he said to her, 'Only sit there and be content; I will wish for all the kingdoms of the world.' But she answered, 'What will be the use of all the kingdoms of the world, if I have to sit on this saddle? You have wished me on, you must now wish me off again.'

So, whether he liked or not, he was obliged to make it his third wish that she should be able to get off the saddle again. This was at once fulfilled; and when his wife was again on her feet, she put her arms on her hips and said, 'Well, you are a silly. I should have done it better.' So he got nothing but vexation, trouble, and abuse, and he lost his horse into the bargain; but the poor people lived happily and piously until their deaths.

THE THREE SONS OF FORTUNE.

A FATHER once called his three sons before him, and he gave to the first a cock, to the second a scythe, and to the third a cat. 'I am already aged,' said he, 'and my death is nigh, and I have wished to take thought for you before my end; money I have not, and what I have now given you seems of little worth, but all that is wanted is that you should turn it to account with good sense. Only seek out a country where such things are still unknown and your fortune is made.'

After the father's death the eldest went out with his cock, but wherever he came the cock was already known; in the towns he saw him from a long distance off sitting upon the steeples and turning round with the wind, and in the villages he heard more than one crow; no one would show any wonder at the creature, so that it did not look as if he would make his fortune by it.

At last, however, it happened that he came to an island where the people knew nothing about cocks, and did not even understand how to divide their time. They certainly knew when it was morning or evening, but at night, if they did not sleep through it, not one of them knew how to find out the time.

'Look!' said he, 'what a proud creature! it has a ruby red crown upon its head, and wears spurs like a knight; it calls you at night three times at fixed hours, and when it calls for the last time the sun soon rises. But if it crows by broad daylight, then take notice, for there will certainly be a change of weather.'

The people were well pleased; for a whole night they did not sleep, and listened with great delight as the cock at two, four, and six o'clock loudly and clearly proclaimed the time. They asked if the creature were

not for sale, and how much he wanted for it. 'As much gold as an ass can carry,' answered he. 'A mere trifle for such a precious creature!' they cried out together, and willingly gave him what he had asked.

When he came home with his wealth his brothers were astonished, and the second said, 'Well, I will go out and see whether I cannot get rid of my scythe as nicely.' But it did not look as if he would, for labourers met him everywhere, and they had scythes upon their shoulders as well as he.

At last, however, he chanced upon an island where the people knew nothing of scythes. When the corn was ripe there they took cannons out to the fields and shot it down. Now this was rather an uncertain affair; many shot right over it, others hit the ears instead of the stems, and shot them away, whereby much was lost, and besides all this there was a terrible noise. So the man set to work and mowed it down so quietly and quickly that the people opened their mouths with astonishment. They agreed to give him what he wanted for the scythe, and he received a horse laden with as much gold as it could carry.

Now the third brother wanted to find out the proper person to buy his cat. It happened to him as to the others; so long as he stayed on the mainland there was nothing to be done. Every place had cats, and there were so many of them that new-born kittens were generally drowned in the ponds.

At last he sailed over to an island, and it happened luckily that cats were quite unknown there, and at the same time the mice had got the upper hand so much that they danced upon the tables and seats whether the master were at home or not. The people complained bitterly of the plague; the King himself in his palace did not know what to do; mice squeaked in every corner and gnawed whatever they could lay hold of with their teeth. But now the cat began her chase

and had soon cleared a couple of rooms, and the people begged the King to buy the wonderful beast for the country. The King willingly gave what was asked, which was a mule laden with gold, and the third brother came home with the greatest treasure of all.

The cat made herself merry with the mice in the royal palace, and killed so many that they could not be counted. At last she got hot with the work and became thirsty, so she stood still, lifted up her head and cried, 'Miou! miou!' The King and all his people when they heard this strange cry were frightened, and in their terror ran all at once out of the palace. There the King took counsel what was best to be done; at last it was determined to send a herald to the cat and demand that she should leave the palace, or if not to expect that force would be used against her. The councillors said, 'Sooner will we let ourselves be plagued with the mice, than give up our lives to such a monster as this.' A noble youth, therefore, was sent to ask the cat 'whether she would peaceably quit the castle.' But the cat, whose thirst had become still greater, merely answered, 'Miou! miou!' The youth understood her to say 'No, no!' and took this answer to the King. 'Now,' said the councillors, 'she must give way to force.' Cannon were brought out, and the palace was soon in flames. When the fire reached the room where the cat was sitting, she sprang safely out of the window; but the besiegers did not leave off until the whole palace was shot away down to the ground.

THE BLUE LIGHT.

THERE was once on a time a soldier who for many years had served the King faithfully; but when the war came to an end, he could serve no longer because of the many wounds which he had received. The King said to him, "Thou mayst return to thy home, I need thee no longer, and thou wilt not receive any more money, for he only receives wages who renders me service for them."

Then the soldier did not know how to earn a living; he went away greatly troubled, and walked the whole day, until the evening, when he entered a forest.

When darkness came on, he saw a light, which he went up to, and came to a house wherein lived a witch. "Do give me one night's lodging, and a little to eat and drink," said he to her, "or I shall starve." "Oho!" she answered, "who gives anything to a runaway soldier? Yet I will have pity, and take thee in, if thou wilt do what I wish." "What do you wish?" said the soldier. "That you should dig all round my garden for me, to-morrow." The soldier agreed, and next day toiled with all his strength, but could not finish it by the evening. "I see well enough," said the witch, "that you can do no more to-day, but I will keep you yet another night, in payment for which you must to-morrow chop me a load of wood, and make it small."

The soldier spent the whole day in doing it, and in the evening the witch proposed that he should stay one night more. "To-morrow you shall only do me a very trifling piece of work. Behind my house there is an old dry well, into which my light has fallen, it burns blue, and never goes out, and you shall bring it up again for me."

Next day the old woman took him to the well, and let him down in a basket. He found the blue light, and made her a signal to draw him up again. She did draw him up, but when he came near the edge, she stretched down her hand and wanted to take the blue light away from him. "No," said he, seeing her wicked plan, "I will not give thee the light until I am standing with both feet upon the ground." The witch fell into a passion, let him down again into the well, and went away.

The poor soldier fell without harm on the moist ground, and the blue light went on burning; but of what use was that to him? He saw very well that he could not escape death. He sat for a while very sad, then suddenly he felt in his pocket and found his

tobacco-pipe, which was still half full. "This shall be my last pleasure," thought he, pulled it out, lit it at the blue light and began to smoke. When the smoke had circled about the cavern, all at once a little black dwarf stood before him, and said, "Lord, what are thy commands?" "What commands have I to give thee?" replied the soldier, quite astonished. "I must do everything thou biddest me," said the little man. "Good," said the soldier; "then in the first place help me out of this well." The little man took him by the hand, and led him through an underground passage, but he did not forget to take the blue light with him.

On the way the dwarf showed him the treasures which the witch had collected and hidden there, and the soldier took as much gold as he could carry.

When he was above, he said to the little man, "Now go and bind the old witch, and carry her before the judge." In a short time she, with frightful cries, came riding by, as swift as the wind, on a wild tom-cat, nor was it long after that before the little man reappeared. "It is all done," said he, "and the witch is already hanging on the gallows. What further commands has my lord?" asked the dwarf. At this moment, none," answered the soldier; "thou canst return home, only be at hand immediately, if I summon thee." "Nothing more is needed than that thou shouldst light thy pipe at the blue light, and I will appear before thee at once." Thereupon he vanished from his sight.

The soldier returned to the town from which he had come. He went to the best inn, ordered himself fine clothes, and then bade the landlord furnish him a room as handsomely as possible.

When it was ready and the soldier had taken possession of it, he summoned the little black mannikin and said, "I have served the King faithfully, but he

has dismissed me, and left me to hunger, and now I want to take my revenge." "What am I to do?" asked the little man. "Late at night, when the King's daughter is in bed, bring her here in her sleep, she shall do servant's work for me." The mannikin said, "That is an easy thing for me to do, but a very dangerous thing for you, for if it is discovered you will fare ill."

When twelve o'clock had struck, the door sprang open, and the mannikin carried in the princess. "Aha! art thou there?" cried the soldier, "get to thy work at once! Fetch the broom and sweep the chamber." When she had done this, he ordered her to come to his chair, and then he stretched out his feet and said, "Pull off my boots for me," and then he threw them at her, and made her pick them up, and clean and polish them. She, however, did everything he bade her, silently and with half-shut eyes. When the first cock crowed, the mannikin carried her back to the royal palace, and laid her in her bed.

Next morning when the princess arose, she went to her father, and told him that she had had a very strange dream. "I was carried through the streets with the quickness of lightning," said she, "and taken into a soldier's room, and I had to wait upon him like a servant, sweep his room, clean his boots, and do all kinds of servant's work. It was only a dream, and yet I am just as tired as if I really had done everything." "The dream may have been true," said the King, "I will give thee a piece of advice. Fill thy pocket full of peas, and make a small hole in it, and then if thou art carried away again, they will fall out and leave a track in the streets." But unseen by the King, the mannikin was standing beside him when he said that, and heard all. At night when the sleeping princess was again carried through the streets, some peas certainly did fall out of her pocket, but they made no

track, for the crafty mannikin had just before scattered peas in every street there was. And again the princess was compelled to do servant's work until cock-crow.

Next morning the King sent his people out to seek the track, but it was all in vain, for in every street poor children were sitting, picking up peas, and saying, "It must have rained peas, last night." "We must think of something else," said the King; "keep thy shoes on when thou goest to bed, and before thou comest back from the place where thou art taken, hide one of them there, I will soon contrive to find it." The black mannikin heard this plot, and at night when the soldier again bade him bring the princess, revealed it to him, and told him that he knew of no way to frustrate this trick, and that if the shoe were found in the soldier's house it would go badly with him. "Do what I bid thee," replied the soldier, and again this third night the princess was obliged to work like a servant, but before she went away she hid her shoe under the bed.

Next morning the King had the entire town searched for his daughter's shoe. It was found at the soldier's inn, and the soldier himself, who had gone outside the gate, was soon brought back, and thrown into prison. In his flight he had forgotten the most valuable things he had, the blue light and the gold, and had only one ducat in his pocket.

And now loaded with chains, he was standing at the window of his dungeon, when he chanced to see one of his comrades passing by. The soldier tapped at the pane of glass, and when this man came up, said to him, "Be so kind as to fetch me the small bundle I have left lying in the inn, and I will give you a ducat for doing it." His comrade ran thither and brought him what he wanted. As soon as the soldier was alone again, he lit his pipe and called the black mannikin. "Have no fear," said the latter to his

master. "Go wherever they take you, and let them do what they will, only take the blue light with you."

Next day the soldier was tried, and though he had done nothing wicked, the judge condemned him to death. When he was led forth to die, he begged a last favour of the King. "What is it?" asked the King. "That I may smoke one more pipe on my way." "Thou mayst smoke three," answered the King, "but do not think that I will spare thy life."

Then the soldier pulled out his pipe and lit it at the blue light, and as soon as a few wreaths of smoke had ascended, the mannikin was there with a small cudgel in his hand, and said, "What does my lord command?" "Strike down to earth that false judge there, and his constable, and spare not the King who has treated me so ill." Then the mannikin fell on them like lightning, darting this way and that way, and whosoever was so much as touched by his cudgel fell to earth, and did not dare to stir again. The King was terrified, he threw himself on the soldier's mercy, and merely to be allowed to live at all, gave him his kingdom for his own, and the princess to wife.

THE OGRE WITH THREE GOLDEN HAIRS.

THERE was once a poor woman who gave birth to a little son; and as it came into the world with a lucky-mark it was said that in fourteen years he would have the King's daughter for his wife. It happened that soon afterwards the King came into the village, and no one knew that he was the King, and when he asked the people what was the news, they answered, 'We have here a child with a lucky-mark; whatever he undertakes turns out well. It is said too that in his fourteenth year he will have the King's daughter for his wife.'

The King, who had a bad heart and was angry about the prophecy, went to the parents, and seeming quite friendly, said, 'You poor people, let me have your child, and I will take care of it.' At first they refused, but when the stranger offered them gold for it, and they thought, 'It is a luck-child, and it must turn out well for it,' they gave him the child.

The King put it in a box and rode away with it until he came to a deep pond; he threw the box into it and thought, 'I have freed my daughter from her unlooked-for suitor.'

The box, however, did not sink, but floated like a boat, and not a drop of water came through it. And it floated to within two miles from the King's city, where there was a mill, and it came to a stand-still at the mill-dam. A miller's boy, who by good luck was standing there, noticed it and pulled it out with a hook, thinking that he had found a great treasure, but when he opened it there lay a pretty boy in it, quite fresh and lively. He took him to the miller and his wife, and as they had no children they were glad, and said, 'Heaven has given it to us as a gift.' They took good care of the foundling and he grew up in all goodness.

It happened that the King once in a storm went into the mill, and he asked the mill-folk whether the tall youth was their son. 'No,' answered they, 'he's a foundling. Fourteen years ago he floated down to the mill-dam in a box, and the mill-boy pulled him out of the water.'

Then the King knew that it was none other than the luck-child that he had thrown into the water, and he said, 'My good people, could not the youth take a letter to the Queen, I will give two gold pieces to reward him?' 'Just as the King commands,' answered they, and they told the boy to be ready. Then the King wrote a letter to the Queen, wherein he said, 'As soon as the boy arrives with this letter let him be killed and buried, and all must be done before I come home.'

The boy set out with this letter; but he lost his way, and in the evening came to a large forest. In the darkness he saw a small light; he went towards it and reached a cottage. When he went in an old woman was sitting by the fire quite alone. She started when she saw the boy, and said, 'Whence do you come, and whither are you going?' 'I come from the mill,' he answered, 'and wish to go to the Queen, to whom I am taking a letter; but as I have lost my way in the wood I should like to stay here over night.' 'You poor boy,' said the woman, 'you have come into a den of thieves, and when they come home they will kill you.' 'Let them come,' said the boy, 'I am not afraid; but I am so tired that I cannot go any further;' and he stretched himself upon a bench and fell asleep.

Soon after the robbers came, and they angrily asked who was the strange boy lying there. 'Ah,' said the old woman, 'it is an innocent child who has lost himself in the wood, and out of pity I let him come in; he has to take a letter to the Queen.' The robbers opened the letter and read it, and in it was written that the boy as soon as he arrived should be put to death. Then the

hard-hearted robbers had pity, and the leader of them tore up the letter and wrote another, saying, that as soon as the boy came he should be married at once to the King's daughter. Then they let him lie quietly on the bench until the next morning, and when he woke they gave him the letter and showed him the right way.

And the Queen, when she had received the letter and read it, did as was written in it, and had a splendid wedding-feast prepared, and the King's daughter was married to the luck-child; and as the youth was handsome and well-disposed she lived content and pleased with him.

After some time the King came again to his palace and saw that the saying was fulfilled, and the luck-child married to his daughter. 'How is that come to pass?' said he; 'I gave quite another order in my letter.'

So the Queen gave him the letter and said that he could see himself what was written in it. The King read the letter and saw that it had been exchanged for the other. He asked the youth what had become of the letter entrusted to him, and why he had brought another instead of it. 'I know nothing about it,' answered he; 'it must have been exchanged in the night when I slept in the forest.' The King said in a passion, 'It is not to be so easy for you; whosoever marries my daughter must fetch me three golden hairs from the head of the King of the Ogres; bring me what I want and you shall have my daughter.' In this way the King hoped to be rid of him for ever. But the luck-child answered, 'I will fetch the golden hairs certainly, I am not afraid of the King of the Ogres;' thereupon he took his departure and began his travels.

The road led him to a large town, where the watchman on the tower asked him what his trade was and what he knew. 'I know everything,' answered the luck-

child. 'Then you can do us a favour,' said the watchman, 'if you will tell us why our market-fountain which once flowed with wine has become dry, and no longer gives even water.' 'That you shall know,' answered he; 'only wait until I come back.'

Then he went further and came to another town, and there also the watchman asked him what was his trade and what he knew. 'I know everything,' answered he 'Then you can do us a favour and tell us why a tree in our town which once had golden apples now does not put forth even leaves.' 'You shall know that,' answered he; 'only wait until I come back.'

Then he went on and came to a wide river over which he must go. The ferry-man asked him what his trade was and what he knew. 'I know everything,' answered he. 'Then you can do me a favour,' said the ferry-man, 'and tell me why I must ever be rowing backwards and forwards and am never set free.' 'You shall know that,' answered he; 'only wait until I come back.'

When he had got across the water he saw the entrance to the Ogre's dwelling. It was black and sooty within, and the Ogre was not at home, but his grandmother was sitting in a large arm-chair. 'What do you want?' said she to him, but she did not look so very angry. 'I should like to have three golden hairs from the Ogre's head,' answered he, 'else I cannot keep my wife.' 'That is a good deal to ask for,' said she; 'if the Ogre comes home and finds you, you will be food for the crows; but as I pity you I will see if I cannot help you.'

She changed him into an ant and said, 'Creep into the folds of my dress, you will be safer there.' 'Yes,' answered he, 'that is very good; but there are three things besides that I want to know: why a fountain which once flowed with wine has become dry, and no longer gives even water; why a tree which once had golden apples has not even leaves; and why a ferry-man

must always be going backwards and forwards and is never set free?'

'Those are difficult questions,' answered she, 'but only keep still and quiet and pay attention to what the Ogre says when I pull out the three golden hairs.'

As the evening came on the Ogre returned home. No sooner had he entered than he noticed that the air was not clear. 'I smell man's flesh,' said he; 'things are not in order here.' Then he pryed into all the corners, and searched but could not find anything. His grandmother scolded him. 'It has only just been swept,' said she, 'and everything put in order, and now you are putting us all upside down again; you have always got man's flesh in your nose. Sit down and eat your supper.'

When he had eaten and drunk he was tired. The grandmother laid his head in her lap; and before long he was fast asleep, snuffling and snoring. Then the old woman took hold of a golden hair, pulled it out, and laid it down near her. 'Ah!' cried the Ogre, 'what is the matter?' 'I have had a bad dream,' answered the grandmother, 'so I seized hold of your hair.' 'What were you dreaming?' said the Ogre. 'I dreamed that a fountain in a market-place from which wine once flowed is dried up, and not even water will flow out of it; what is the cause of it?' 'Hoho! if they knew of it,' answered the Ogre; 'there is a toad sitting under a stone in the well; if they kill it the wine will flow again.'

He went to sleep again and snored until the windows shook. Then she pulled the second hair out. 'Ha! what are you doing?' cried the Ogre angrily. 'Do not take it ill,' said she, 'I did it in a dream.' 'What have you dreamt this time?' asked he. 'I dreamt that in a certain kingdom there stood an apple-tree which had once borne golden apples, but now it would not even bear leaves. What, think you, was the reason?' 'Heh! if they knew it,' answered the Ogre; 'at the root a mouse is gnawing; if they killed this it would have

golden apples again, but if it gnaws much longer the tree will wither altogether. But leave me alone with your dreams; if you disturb me in my sleep only once more you will get a box on the ear.'

The grandmother spoke gently to him until he was again asleep and snored. Then she took hold of the third golden hair and pulled it out. The Ogre jumped up, roared out and would have treated her badly, but she quieted him once more and said, 'Who can help bad dreams?' 'What was the dream, then?' asked he, and got quite curious. 'I dreamt of a ferry-man who complained that he must always ferry from one side to the other, and was not released. What is the cause of it?' 'Ah! the stupid,' answered the Ogre; 'if any one comes and wants to go across he must put the oar in his hand, and the other will have to ferry whilst he will be free.' As the grandmother had plucked out the three golden hairs, and the three questions were answered, she let the old monster alone, and he slept until daybreak.

When the Ogre had gone out again the old woman took the ant out of the folds of her dress, and gave the luck-child his human shape again. 'There you have the three golden hairs,' said she. 'What the Ogre said to your three questions I suppose you heard.' 'Yes,' answered he, 'I heard, and will take care to remember.' 'So you have what you want,' said she, 'and now you can go on your way.' He thanked the old woman for her help in his difficulty and left the place well content that everything had turned out so fortunately.

When he came to the ferry-man he was expected to give the promised answer. 'Ferry me across first,' said the luck-child, 'then I will tell you how you can be set free,' and when he had reached the shore at the opposite side he gave him the Ogre's advice: 'If any one comes, and wants to be ferried over, just put the oar in his hand.'

He went on and came to the town wherein stood the unfruitful tree, and there too the watchman wanted an answer. So he told him what he had heard from the Ogre: 'Kill the mouse which is gnawing at its root, and it will again bear golden apples.' Then the watchman thanked him and gave him as a reward two asses laden with gold which followed him.

At last he came to the town whose well was dry. He told the watchman what the Ogre had said: 'A toad sits in the well beneath a stone; you must find it and kill it, and it will again give wine in plenty.' The watchman thanked him, and also gave him two asses laden with gold.

At last the luck-child got home to his wife, who was heartily glad to see him again, and to hear how well he had prospered in everything. To the King he took what he had asked for, the three golden hairs of the King of the Ogres, and when he saw the four asses laden with gold he was quite content, and said, 'Now all the conditions are fulfilled, and you can have my daughter. But tell me, dear son-in-law, where did all that gold come from? this is tremendous wealth!' 'I rowed over a river,' answered he, 'and got it there; it lies there like sand on the shore.' 'Can I too fetch some of it?' said the King; and he got quite covetous about it. 'As much as you like,' answered he; 'there is a ferry-man on the river; let him ferry you over, and you can fill your sacks on the other side.' The greedy King set out in all haste, and when he came to the river he beckoned to the ferry-man to set him across. The ferry-man came and bade him get in, and when they got to the other shore he put the oar in his hand and sprang out. But the King henceforth had to ferry, as a punishment for his sins. Perhaps he is ferrying still? If he is, it is because no one has taken the oar from him.

LITTLE SNOW-WHITE.

ONCE upon a time in the middle of winter, when the flakes of snow were falling like feathers from the sky, a Queen sat at a window sewing. The frame of the window was made of black ebony wood; and whilst she was sewing and looking out of the window at the snow, she pricked her finger with the needle, and three drops of blood fell upon the snow. And the red looked pretty upon the white snow, and she thought to herself, 'Would that I had a child as white as snow, as red as blood, and as black as the wood of the window-frame.'

Soon after that she had a little daughter, who was as white as snow, and as red as blood, and with hair as black as ebony; and she was therefore called Little Snow-white. And when the child was born the Queen died.

After a year had passed the King took to himself another wife. She was a beautiful woman, but proud and haughty, and she could not bear that any one else should surpass her in beauty. She had a wonderful looking-glass, and when she stood in front of it and looked at herself in it, and said—

'Looking-glass, Looking-glass, on the wall,
Who in this land is the fairest of all?'

the looking-glass answered—

'Thou, O Queen, art the fairest of all.'

Then she was satisfied, for she knew that the looking-glass spoke the truth.

But Snow-white was growing big, and grew more and more beautiful; and when she was seven years old she was as beautiful as the day, more beautiful than the Queen herself. And once when the Queen asked her looking-glass—

'Looking-glass, Looking-glass, on the wall,
Who in this land is the fairest of all?'

it answered—

'Oh, Queen, thou art fairest of all I see,
But Snow-white's a thousand times fairer than thee.'

Then the Queen was shocked, and turned yellow and green with envy. From that hour, whenever she looked at Snow-white, her heart heaved in her breast, and she hated the girl.

And envy and pride grew more and more in her heart like a weed, so that day and night she had no more peace. So she called a huntsman, and said, 'Take away the child into the forest; I will no longer see her before me. Kill her, and bring me back her heart as a proof.' The huntsman hearkened, and took her away; and when he had drawn his knife, and was about to pierce Snow-white's innocent heart, she began to weep, and said, 'Ah, dear huntsman, leave me my life! I will run away into the wild forest, and never come home again.'

And as she was so beautiful the huntsman had pity on her and said, 'Run away, then, you poor child.' 'The wild beasts will soon have eaten you up,' thought he, and yet it seemed as if a stone had been rolled from his heart since it was not needful for him to kill her. And as a young boar just then came running by he stabbed it and cut out its heart and took it to the Queen as a proof.

But now the poor child was friendless and alone in the great forest, and was so wretched that she could not think how to help herself, though she stared at the trees leaf by leaf. Then she began to run, and ran across sharp stones and through thorns, and the wild beasts sprang out as she went by, but they did her no harm.

She ran as long as her feet would go until it was almost evening; then she saw a little cottage and went

into it to rest herself. Everything in the cottage was little, but neater and cleaner than can be told. There was a table on which was a white cover, and seven little plates, and on each plate a little spoon; moreover, there were seven little knives and forks, and seven little mugs. Against the wall stood seven little beds side by side and covered with snow-white counterpanes.

Little Snow-white was so hungry and thirsty that she ate a little porridge and bread out of each plate, and drank a drop of wine out of each mug, for she did not wish to take all away from one only. Then, as she was so tired, she laid herself down on one of the little beds, but it did not suit her, nor did the next; one was too long, another too short, but at last she found that the seventh one was right, and so she remained in it, and said a prayer and went to sleep.

When it was quite dark the owners of the cottage came back; they were seven dwarfs who dug and delved in mountains for copper. They lit their seven candles, and since it was now light within the cottage they saw that some one had been there, for everything was not standing in the same order in which they had left it.

The first said, 'Who has been sitting on my chair?'

The second, 'Who has been eating off my plate?'

The third, 'Who has been taking some of my bread?'

The fourth, 'Who has been eating my porridge?'

The fifth, 'Who has been using my fork?'

The sixth, 'Who has been cutting with my knife?'

The seventh, 'Who has been drinking out of my mug?'

Then the first looked round and saw that there was a little hole on his bed, and he said, 'Who has been using my bed?' The others came up and called out, 'Somebody has been lying in my bed too.' But the seventh when he looked at his bed saw little Snow-white, who was lying asleep therein. And he called

the others, who came running up, and they cried out with astonishment, and brought their seven little candles and let the light fall on little Snow-white. 'Oh, my goodness! oh, my goodness!' cried they, 'what a lovely child,' and they were so glad that they did not wake her up, but let her sleep on in the bed. And the seventh dwarf slept with his companions, one hour with each, and so got through the night.

When it was morning little Snow-white awoke, and was frightened when she saw the seven dwarfs. But they were friendly and asked her what her name was. 'My name is Snow-white,' she answered. 'How have you come to our house?' said the dwarfs. Then she told them that her step-mother had wished to have her killed, but that the huntsman had spared her life, and that she had run for the whole day, until at last she had found their dwelling. The dwarfs said, 'If you will take care of our house, cook, make the beds, wash, sew, and knit, and if you will keep everything neat and clean, you can stay with us and you shall want for nothing.' 'Yes,' said Snow-white, 'with all my heart,' and she stayed with them. She kept the house in order for them; in the mornings they went to the mountains and looked for copper and gold, in the evenings they came back, and then their supper must be ready. For the whole day the girl was alone, so the good dwarfs warned her and said, 'Beware of your step-mother, she will soon know that you are here; let no one come in.'

But the Queen, believing that she had seen Snow-white's heart, could not but think that she was again the chief and most beautiful of all; and she went to her looking-glass and said—

> 'Looking-glass, Looking-glass, on the wall,
> Who in this land is the fairest of all?'

and the glass answered—

'Oh, Queen, thou art fairest of all I see,
But over the hills, where the seven dwarfs dwell,
Snow-white is still alive and well,
And she is a thousand times fairer than thee.'

Then she was astounded, for she knew that the looking-glass never spoke untruth, and she knew that the huntsman had betrayed her, and that little Snow-white was still alive.

And so she thought and thought again how she might kill her, for so long as she was not the fairest in the whole land envy left her no rest. After thinking over it for a time she painted her face, and dressed herself like an old pedlar-woman, so that no one could know her. In this disguise she went over the seven mountains to the seven dwarfs, and knocked at the door and cried, 'Pretty things to sell, very cheap, very cheap.' Little Snow-white looked out of the window and called out, 'Good-day, my good woman, what have you to sell?' 'Good things, pretty things,' she answered; 'stay-laces of all colours,' and she pulled out one which was woven of bright-coloured silk. 'I can let the worthy old woman in,' thought Snow-white, and she unbolted the door and bought the pretty laces. 'Child,' said the old woman, 'how nicely you look; come, I will lace you properly for once.' Snow-white had no suspicion, but stood before her, and let herself be laced with the new laces. But the old woman laced so quickly and laced so tight that Snow-white lost her breath and fell down as if dead. 'Now you have become the most beautiful,' said she to herself, and ran away.

Not long afterwards, in the evening, the seven dwarfs came home, and they were astonished when they saw their dear little Snow-white lying on the ground; she neither stirred nor moved, and seemed to be dead. They lifted her up, and, as they saw that she was laced too tightly, they cut the laces; then she began to

breathe a little, and by-and-by came again to life. When the dwarfs heard what had happened they said, 'The old pedlar-woman was no one else than the wicked Queen; take care and let no one come in when we are not with you.'

But the wicked woman when she had come home went in front of the glass and asked—

> 'Looking-glass, Looking-glass, on the wall,
> Who in this land is the fairest of all?'

and it answered as before—

> 'Oh, Queen, thou art fairest of all I see,
> But over the hills, where the seven dwarfs dwell,
> Snow-white is still alive and well,
> And she is a thousand times fairer than thee.

When she heard that all her blood rushed to her heart with fear, for she saw plainly that little Snow-white was again alive. 'But now,' she said, 'I will think of something that shall put an end to you,' and by the help of witchcraft, which she understood, she made a poisonous comb. Then she disguised herself and took the shape of another old woman. So she went over the seven mountains to the seven dwarfs, knocked at the door, and cried, 'Good things to sell, cheap, cheap!' Little Snow-white looked out and said, 'Go away; I cannot let any one come in.' 'I suppose that you can look,' said the old woman, and pulled the poisonous comb out and held it up. It pleased the girl so well that she let herself be beguiled, and opened the door. When they had made a bargain the old woman said, 'Now I will comb you properly for once.' Poor little Snow-white had no suspicion, and let the old woman do as she pleased, but hardly had she put the comb in her hair than the poison in it took effect, and the girl fell down senseless. 'You pattern of beauty,' said the wicked woman, 'you are done for now,' and she went away.

But fortunately it was almost evening, when the seven

dwarfs came home. When they saw Snow-white lying as if dead upon the ground they at once suspected the step-mother, and they looked and found the poisoned comb. Scarcely had they taken it out when Snow-white came to herself, and told them what had happened. Then they warned her once more to be upon her guard and to open the door to no one.

The Queen, at home, went in front of the glass and said—

'Looking-glass, Looking-glass, on the wall,
Who in this land is the fairest of all?'

then it answered as before—

'Oh, Queen, thou art fairest of all I see,
But over the hills, where the seven dwarfs dwell,
Snow-white is still alive and well,
And she is a thousand times fairer than thee.'

When she heard the Glass speak thus she trembled and shook with rage. 'Snow-white shall die,' she cried, 'even if it costs me my life.'

Thereupon she went into a quite secret, lonely room, where no one ever came, and there she made a very poisonous apple. Outside it looked pretty, white with a red cheek, so that every one who saw it wished to have it; but whoever ate a piece of it must surely die.

When the apple was ready she painted her face, and dressed herself up as a country-woman, and so she went over the seven mountains to the seven dwarfs. She knocked at the door. Snow-white put her head out of the window and said, 'I cannot let any one in; the seven dwarfs have forbidden me.' 'It is all the same to me,' answered the woman, 'I shall soon get rid of my apples. There, I will give you one.'

'No,' said Snow-white, 'I dare not take anything.' 'Are you afraid of poison?' said the old woman; 'look, I will cut the apple in two pieces; you eat the red cheek and I will eat the white.' The apple was so cunningly made that only the red cheek was poisoned.

Snow-white longed for the fine apple, and when she saw that the woman ate part of it she could resist no longer, and she stretched out her hand and took the poisonous half. But hardly had she a bit of it in her mouth than she fell down dead. Then the Queen looked at her with a dreadful look and laughed half loud and said, 'White as snow, red as blood, black as ebony-wood! this time the dwarfs cannot wake you up again.'

And when she asked of the Looking-glass at home—

'Looking-glass, Looking-glass, on the wall,
Who in this land is the fairest of all?'

it answered at last—

'Oh, Queen, in this land you are fairest of all.'

Then her envious heart had rest, so far as an envious heart can have rest.

The dwarfs, when they came home in the evening, found Snow-white lying upon the ground; there was no longer a breath from her mouth, and she was dead. They lifted her up, looked to see whether they could find anything poisonous, unlaced her, combed her hair, washed her with water and wine, but it was all of no use; the poor child was dead, and remained dead. They laid her upon a bier, and all seven of them sat round it and wept for her, and wept three days long.

Then they were going to bury her, but she looked like a living person, and had still her pretty red cheeks. They said, 'We could not put her down into the dark ground,' and they had a transparent coffin of glass made, so that she could be seen from all sides, and they laid her in it, and wrote upon it in golden letters her name, and that she was a king's daughter. Then they put the coffin out upon the mountain, and one of them always stayed by it and watched it. And animals came too and wept for Snow-white; first an owl, then a raven, and last a dove.

Now Snow-white lay a long, long time in the coffin,

and she did not change, but looked as if she were asleep; for she was as white as snow, as red as blood, and with hair as black as ebony.

It happened that a king's son got into the wood, and came to the dwarf's house to spend the night. He saw the coffin on the mountain, and the beautiful Snow-white within, and read what was written upon it in golden letters. Then he said to the dwarfs, 'Let me have the coffin, I will give you whatever you want for it.' But the dwarfs answered, 'We will not part with it for all the gold in the world.' Then he said, 'Then give it me as a gift, for I cannot live without seeing Snow-white; I will honour and prize her as my dearest.' As he spoke in this way the good dwarfs took pity upon him and gave him the coffin.

The King's son had it carried by his servants on their shoulders. And it happened that they stumbled over a tree-stump, and with the shock the poisonous piece of apple which Snow-white had bitten off came out of her throat. And before long she opened her eyes, lifted up the lid of the coffin, sat up, and was once more living. 'Oh, where am I?' she cried. The King's son, full of joy, said, 'You are with me,' and told her what had happened, and said, 'I care for you more than everything in the world; come with me to my father's palace, you shall be my wife.'

And Snow-white was pleased, and went with him, and their wedding was held with great show and splendour. But Snow-white's wicked step-mother was also bidden to the feast. When she had arrayed herself in beautiful clothes she went before the Looking-glass and said—

'Looking-glass, Looking-glass, on the wall,
Who in this land is the fairest of all?'

the Glass answered—

'Oh, Queen, thou art fairest of all I see,
But the young Queen is a thousand times fairer than thee.'

Then the wicked woman uttered a curse, and was so wretched that she knew not what to do. At first she would not go to the wedding, but she had no peace, and must go to see the young Queen. And as she went in she knew Snow-white; and she stood still with rage and fear, and could not stir.

And after this she did not live long.

KING THRUSH-BEARD.

A KING had a daughter who was beautiful beyond all measure, but so proud and haughty withal that no suitor was good enough for her. She sent away one after the other and made game of them as well.

Once the King made a great feast and invited thereto, from far and near, all the young men likely to marry. They were all marshalled in a row according to their rank and standing; first came the kings, then the grand-dukes, then the princes, the earls, the barons, and the gentry. Then the King's daughter was led through the ranks, but to every one she had some objection to make; one was too fat, 'The beer-barrel,' she said. Another was too tall, 'Long and thin has little in.' The third was too short, 'Short and thick is never quick.' The fourth was too pale, 'As pale as death.' The fifth too red, 'A fighting-cock.' The sixth was not straight enough, 'A green log dried behind the stove.'

So she had something to say against every one, but she made herself especially merry over a good King who stood quite high up, and whose chin had grown a little crooked. 'Well,' she cried out and laughed, 'he

has a chin like a thrush's beak!' and from that time he got the name of King Thrush-beard.

But the old King, when he saw that his daughter did nothing but mock the people, and despised all the suitors who were gathered there, was very angry, and swore that she should have for her husband the very first beggar that came to his doors.

A few days afterwards a fiddler came and sang beneath the windows, trying to earn a small alms. When the King heard him he said, 'Let him come up.' So the fiddler came in in his dirty, ragged clothes and sang before the King and his daughter. And when he had ended he asked for a trifling gift. The King said, 'Your song has pleased me so well that I will give you my daughter to wife.'

The King's daughter shuddered, but the King said, 'I have taken an oath to give you to the very first beggar-man, and I will keep it.' All she could say was in vain; the priest was brought, and she had to let herself be wedded to the fiddler on the spot. When that was done the King said, 'Now it is not proper for you, a beggar-woman, to stay longer in my palace, you can pack off with your husband.'

The beggar-man led her out by the hand, and she was obliged to walk away on foot with him. As they came to a large forest she asked, 'To whom does that beautiful forest belong?' 'It belongs to King Thrush-beard; if you had taken him it would have been yours.' 'Poor girl that I am, if I had but taken King Thrush-beard!'

Afterwards they came to a meadow, and she asked again, 'To whom does this beautiful green meadow belong?' 'It belongs to King Thrush-beard; if you had taken him it would have been yours.' 'Ah, poor girl that I am, had I but taken King Thrush-beard!'

Then they came to a large town, and she asked again, 'To whom does this fine large town belong?' 'It

belongs to King Thrush-beard; if you had taken him it would have been yours.' 'Ah, poor girl that I am, had I but taken King Thrush-beard!'

'It does not please me,' said the fiddler, 'that you are always wishing for another husband; am I not good enough for you?' At last they came to a very little hut, and she said, 'Oh, goodness! what a small house; to whom does this miserable, mean hovel belong?' The fiddler answered, 'That is my house and yours, where we shall live together.'

She had to stoop in order to go in at the door. 'Where are the servants?' said the King's daughter. 'What servants?' answered the beggar-man; 'you must do yourself what you wish to have done. Just make a fire at once and set on water to cook my supper, I am quite tired.' But the King's daughter knew nothing about fire-making and cooking, and the beggar-man had to lend a hand himself to get anything fairly done. When they had finished their scanty meal they went to bed; but he forced her to get up quite early in the morning in order to look after the house.

For a few days they lived in this way as well as might be, and finished all their provisions. Then the man said, 'Wife, we cannot go on any longer eating and drinking here and earning nothing. You must weave baskets.' He went out, cut some willows, and brought them home. Then she began to weave, but the tough willows wounded her delicate hands.

'I see that this will not do,' said the man; 'you had better spin, perhaps you can do that better.' She sat down and tried to spin, but the hard thread soon cut her soft finger so that the blood ran down it. 'See,' said the man, 'you are good for no sort of work, I have made a bad bargain with you. Now I will try to make a business with pots and earthenware; you must sit in the market-place and sell the ware.' 'Alas,' thought she, 'if any of the people from my father's kingdom

come to the market and see me selling, how they will mock me!' But it was of no use, she had to yield unless she chose to die of hunger.

For the first time it went well, for the people were glad to buy the woman's wares because she was good-looking, and they paid her what she asked; many even gave her the money and left the pots with her as well. So they lived on what she had earned as long as it lasted, then the husband bought a lot of new crockery. With this she sat down at the corner of the market-place, and set it out round about her ready for sale. But suddenly there came a drunken hussar galloping along, and he rode right amongst the pots so that they were all broken into a thousand bits. She began to weep, and did not know what to do for fear. 'Alas!' what will happen to me?' cried she; 'what will my husband say to this?'

She ran home and told him of the misfortune. 'Who ever would set herself at a corner of the market-place with crockery?' said the man; 'leave off crying, I see very well that you are not accustomed to any common work. Now I have been to our King's palace and asked whether they could not make use of a kitchen-maid, and they have promised me to take you; in that way you will get your food for nothing.'

The King's daughter was now a kitchen-maid, and had to be at the cook's beck and call, and do the dirtiest work. In both her pockets she fastened a little jar, in which she brought home her share of the leavings, and upon this they lived.

It happened that the wedding of the King's eldest son was to be celebrated, so the poor woman went up and set herself before the door of the hall in order to look on. When all the candles were lit, and people more and more beautiful entered, and all was full of pomp and splendour, she thought of her lot with a sad heart, and cursed the pride and haughtiness which had humbled her and brought her to so great poverty.

The smell of the delicious dishes which were being taken in and out reached her, and now and then the servants threw her a few morsels of them: these she put in her jars to take home.

All at once the King's son entered, clothed in satin and silk, with gold chains about his neck. And when he saw the beautiful woman standing at the door he seized her by the hand, and would have danced with her; but she refused and shrank with fear, for she saw that it was King Thrush-beard, her suitor whom she had treated with scorn. Her struggles were of no avail, he drew her into the hall; but the string by which she had fastened her jars broke, the pots fell down, and the scraps were scattered all about. And when the people saw it there arose general laughter and derision, and she was so ashamed that she would rather have been a thousand fathoms below the ground. She sprang to the door and would have run away, but on the staircase a man caught her and brought her back; and when she looked at him it was King Thrush-beard again. He said to her kindly, 'Do not be afraid, I and the fiddler who has been living with you in that wretched hovel are the same. For love of you I disguised myself so; and I also was the hussar who rode through your crockery. This was all done to humble your proud spirit, and to punish you for the insolence with which you mocked me.'

Then she wept bitterly and said, 'I have done great wrong, and am not worthy to be your wife.' But he said, 'Be comforted, the evil days are past, now we will celebrate our wedding.' Then the chamber-maids came and put on her the finest clothing, and her father and his whole court came and wished her happiness in her marriage with King Thrush-beard, and the joy now began in earnest. I wish you and I had been there too.

THE SINGING BONE.

IN a certain country there was once great lamentation over a wild boar that laid waste the farmers' fields, killed the cattle, and tore the people's bodies with his tusks. The King promised a large reward to any one who would free the land from this plague; but the beast was so big and strong that no one dared to go near to the forest in which it lived. At last the King gave notice that whosoever should capture or kill the wild boar should have his only daughter to wife.

Now there lived in the country two brothers, sons of a poor man, who declared themselves willing to undertake the venture; the elder, who was crafty and shrewd, out of pride; the younger, who was innocent and simple, from a kind heart. The King said, 'In order that you may be the more sure of finding the beast, you must go in from opposite sides of the wood.' So the elder went from the west, and the younger from the east.

When the younger had gone a short way a little man stepped up to him. He held in his hand a black spear, and said, 'I give you this spear because your heart is pure and good; with it you can boldly attack the wild boar and it will do you no harm.'

He thanked the little man, took the spear on his shoulder, and went on without fear.

Before long he saw the beast, which rushed at him; but he held the spear towards it, and in its blind fury it ran so swiftly that its heart was cloven in twain. Then he put the monster upon his shoulder and went homewards to take it to the King.

As he came out at the other side of the wood, there stood at the entrance a house where the people were making merry with wine and dancing. His elder brother had gone in here, and not thinking that the

boar might escape him, was going to drink good courage to himself. But when he saw his brother coming out of the wood laden with his booty, his envious, evil heart gave him no peace. He called out to him, 'Come in, dear brother, rest and refresh yourself with a cup of wine.'

The youth, who suspected no evil, went in and told him about the good little man who had given him the spear wherewith he had slain the boar.

The elder brother kept him there until the evening, and then they went out together, and when, in the darkness, they came to the bridge over a brook, the elder brother let the other go first; and when he was half-way across he gave him a blow from behind so that he fell down dead. He buried him beneath the bridge, took the boar, and brought it to the King, pretending that he had killed it; whereupon he obtained the King's daughter in marriage. And when his younger brother did not come back he said, 'The boar must have killed him,' and every one believed it.

But as nothing remains hidden before Heaven, so this black deed also was to come to light.

Years afterwards a peasant was driving his herd across the bridge, and saw lying in the sand beneath a snow-white little bone. He thought that it would make a good mouth-piece, so he climbed down, picked it up, and cut out of it a mouth-piece for his horn. But when he blew through it for the first time, to his great astonishment the bone began of its own accord to sing:

'Ah, friend, thou blowest upon my bone!
Long have I lain beside the water;
My brother slew me for the boar,
And took for his wife the King's young daughter.'

'What a wonderful horn!' said the peasant; 'it sings by itself, I must take it to the King.' And when he came with it before the King the horn began again

to sing its song. The King understood it all, and caused the ground below the bridge to be dug up, so that the whole skeleton of the murdered man came to view. The wicked brother could not deny the deed, and was sewn up in a sack and drowned. But the bones of his brother were laid to rest in a beautiful tomb in the churchyard.

JORINDA AND JORINGEL.

THERE was once an old castle in the midst of a large and thick forest, and in it there dwelt all alone an old woman who was a witch. In the day-time she turned herself into a cat or a night-owl, but in the evening she had her proper shape again as a human being. She could lure small animals and birds to her, and then she killed, and boiled and stewed them. If any one came within one hundred paces of the castle he was obliged to stand still, and could not stir from the place until she bade him be free. But whenever an innocent maiden came within the bounds she changed her into a bird and shut her up in a cage, and carried the cage into a room in the castle. She had about seven thousand such cages, in which were rare birds, in the castle.

Now, there was once a maiden who was called Jorinda; she was fairer than all other girls. She and a handsome youth named Joringel had promised to marry each other. They were still in the days of betrothal, and had the greatest happiness together. Now in order that they might be able to talk together in quiet they went for a walk into the forest. 'Take care,' said Joringel, 'that you do not come too near to the castle.'

It was a beautiful evening; the sun shone between the trunks of the trees brightly into the dark green of the forest, and the turtle-dove sang mournfully upon the old May-tree.

Jorinda wept a little: she sat down in the sunshine and was sorrowful. Joringel was sorrowful too: they were as sad as if they were about to die. Then they looked round them, and were quite at a loss, for they did not know which way they should go home. The sun was still half above the mountain and half beneath it.

Joringel looked through the bushes and saw the old walls of the castle not far off. He shuddered and became sick at heart. Jorinda was singing—

'My turtle-dove, with the necklace red,
Sings sorrow, sorrow, sorrow,
He sings that he must soon be dead,
Sings sorrow, sor—— zug, zug, zug.'

Joringel looked at Jorinda. She was changed into a nightingale, and sang zug, zug, zug. A night-owl with glowing eyes flew three times round about her, and three times cried to-whoo, to-whoo, to-whoo!

Joringel could not move: he stood there like a stone, and would neither weep nor speak, nor move hand or foot.

The sun had now set. The owl flew into a bush, and directly afterwards there came out of it a crooked old woman, yellow and lean, with large red eyes and a bent nose, the point of which reached to her chin. She muttered to herself, caught the nightingale, and took it away in her hand.

Joringel could say nothing, nor move from the spot; the nightingale was gone. At last the woman came back, and said in a hollow voice, 'Greet thee, Zachiel. If the moon shines on the cage, Zachiel, let him loose at once.' Then Joringel was free. He fell upon his knees before the woman and begged that she would give him back his Jorinda, but she said that he should never

have her again, and went away. He called, he cried, he groaned, but all in vain, 'Ah, what will become of me?'

Joringel went away, and at last came to a strange village; there he kept sheep for a long time. Often he walked round and round the castle, but not too near to it. At last he dreamt one night that he found a blood-red flower, in the middle of which was a beautiful large pearl; that he picked the flower and went with it to the castle, and everything that he touched with the flower was free from enchantment; he also dreamt that through it he got his Jorinda again.

In the morning, when he awoke, he began to seek through hill and dale if he could find such a flower. He sought until the ninth day, and then, early in the morning, he found the blood-red flower. In the middle of it there was a large dew-drop, as big as the finest pearl.

Day and night he journeyed with this flower to the castle. When he was within a hundred paces of the castle he was not held fast, but walked on to the door. Joringel was full of joy; he touched the door with the flower, and it sprang open. He walked in through the court-yard, and listened for the sound of many birds. At last he heard it. He went on and found the room in which was the witch, feeding the birds in the seven thousand cages.

When she saw Joringel she was angry, very angry, and scolded and spit poison and gall at him, but she could not come nearer than two paces from him. He did not take any notice of her, but went and looked at the cages; there were many hundred nightingales, how was he to find his Jorinda again?

Just then he saw the old woman quietly take away a cage with a bird in it, and go towards the door.

Swiftly he sprang towards her, touched the cage with the flower, and also the old woman. She could

now no longer enchant; and Jorinda stood there clasping him round the neck, as beautiful as she ever was. Then he turned all the other birds into maidens again, and went home with his Jorinda, and they lived happily together for a long time.

THE GOLDEN BIRD.

IN the olden time there was a King, who had behind his palace a beautiful pleasure-garden in which there was a tree that bore golden apples. When the apples were getting ripe they were counted, but on the very next morning one was missing. This was told to the King, and he ordered that a watch should be kept every night beneath the tree.

The King had three sons, the eldest of whom he sent, as soon as night came on, into the garden; but by the middle of the night he could not keep himself from sleeping, and on the next morning again an apple was gone.

The next night the second son had to keep watch, but it went no better with him; as soon as twelve o'clock had struck he fell asleep, and in the morning an apple was gone.

Now it came to the turn of the third son to watch; and he was quite ready, but the King had not much trust in him, and thought that he would be of less use even than his brothers: but at last he let him go. The youth lay down beneath the tree, but kept awake, and did not let sleep master him. When it struck twelve something rustled through the air, and in the moonlight he saw a bird coming whose feathers all shone with gold. The bird sank down upon the tree, and had just

plucked off an apple when the youth shot an arrow after him. The bird flew off, but the arrow had struck his feathers, and one of his golden quills fell down. The youth picked it up, and the next morning took it to the King and told him what he had seen in the night. The King called his council together, and every one declared that a feather like this was worth more than the whole kingdom. 'If the feather is so precious,' declared the King, 'one alone will not do for me; I must and will have the whole bird.'

The eldest son set out; he trusted to his cleverness, and thought that he would easily find the Golden Bird. After he had gone some distance he saw a Fox sitting at the edge of a wood, so he cocked his gun and took aim at him. The Fox cried, 'Do not shoot me! and in return I will give you some good counsel. You are on the way to the Golden Bird; and this evening you will come to a village in which stand two inns opposite to one another. One of them is lighted up brightly, and all goes on merrily within, but do not go into it; go rather into the other even though it seems a bad one.' 'How can such a silly beast give wise advice?' thought the King's son, and he pulled the trigger. But he missed the Fox, who stretched his tail and ran quickly into the wood.

After that he set off on his way, and by evening came to the village where the two inns were standing; in one they were singing and dancing; the other had a poor, miserable look. 'I should be a fool, indeed,' he thought, 'if I were to go into the shabby tavern, and passed over the grand one.' So he went into the cheerful one, and lived in riot and revel, and forgot the bird, and his father, and all good behaviour.

When some time had passed, and the eldest son for month after month did not come back home, the second set out, wishing to find the Golden Bird. The Fox met him as he had met the eldest, and gave him the good

advice of which he took no heed. He came to the two inns, and his brother was standing at the window of the one from which came the music, and called out to him. He could not help himself, but went inside and lived only for pleasure.

Again some time passed, then the King's youngest son wanted to set off and try his luck, but his father would not allow it. 'It is of no use,' said he, 'he will find the Golden Bird still less than his brothers, and if a mishap befall him he knows not how to help himself; he is a little wanting at the best.' But at last, as he had no peace, he let him go.

Again the Fox was sitting outside the wood, and begged for his life, and offered his good advice. The youth was good-natured, and said, 'Be easy, little Fox, I will do you no harm.' 'You shall not repent it,' answered the Fox; 'and that you may get on more quickly, get up behind on my tail.' And scarcely had he seated himself when the Fox began to run, and away he went over stick and stone, till his hair whistled in the wind. When they came to the village the youth got off; he followed the good advice, and without looking round turned into the little inn, where he spent a quiet night.

The next morning, as soon as he got into the open country, there sat the Fox already, and said, 'I will tell you further what you have to do. Go on quite straight, and at last you will come to a castle, in front of which a whole regiment of soldiers is lying, but do not trouble yourself about them, for they will all be sleeping and snoring. Go through the midst of them straight into the castle, and go through all the rooms, till at last you will come to a chamber where a Golden Bird is hanging in a wooden cage. Close by, there stands an empty gold cage for show, but take care that you do not take the bird out of the common cage and put it into the fine one, or it may go badly with you.' With these words

the Fox again stretched out his tail, and the King's son set himself upon it, and away they went over stick and stone till their hair whistled in the wind.

When he came to the castle he found everything as the Fox had said. The King's son went into the chamber where the Golden Bird sat in a wooden cage, whilst a golden one stood hard by; and the three golden apples lay about the room. 'But,' thought he, 'it would be absurd if I were to leave the beautiful bird in the common and ugly cage,' so he opened the door, laid hold of it, and put it into the golden cage. But at the same moment the bird uttered a shrill cry. The soldiers awoke, rushed in, and took him off to prison. The next morning he was taken before a court of justice, and, when he had confessed everything, was sentenced to death.

The King, however, said that he would grant him his life on one condition—namely, if he brought him the Golden Horse which ran faster than the wind; and in that case he should receive, over and above, as a reward, the Golden Bird.

The King's son set off, but he sighed and was sorrowful, for how was he to find the Golden Horse? But all at once he saw his old friend the Fox sitting on the road. 'Look you,' said the Fox, 'it has happened like this because you did not give heed to me. However, be of good courage. I will give you my help, and tell you how to get to the Golden Horse. You must go straight on, and you will come to a castle, where in the stable stands the horse. The grooms will be lying in front of the stable; but they will be sleeping and snoring, and you can lead out the Golden Horse at your ease. But of one thing you must take heed; put on him the common saddle of wood and leather, and mind, not the golden one, which hangs close by, else it will go ill with you. Then the Fox stretched out his tail, the King's son set himself upon it, and away they went over stick and stone until their hair whistled in the wind.

Everything happened just as the Fox had said; he came to the stable in which the Golden Horse was standing, but just as he was going to put the common saddle upon him, 'It would be a shame to such a beautiful beast,' thought he, 'if I do not give him the good saddle which belongs to him by right.' But scarcely had the golden saddle touched the horse than he began to neigh loudly. The grooms awoke, seized the youth, and threw him into prison. The next morning he was sentenced by the court to death; but the King promised to grant him his life, and the Golden Horse as well, if he could bring back the beautiful princess from the Golden Castle.

With a heavy heart the youth set out; yet luckily for him he soon found the trusty Fox. 'I ought only to leave you to your ill-luck,' said the Fox, 'but I have pity for you and will help you once more out of your plight. This road takes you straight to the Golden Castle, you will reach it by eventide; and at night when everything is quiet the beautiful princess goes to the bathing-house to bathe. When she enters jump out and give her a kiss, then she will follow you, and you can take her away with you; only do not allow her to take leave of her parents first or it will go ill with you.'

Then the Fox stretched out his tail, the King's son set himself upon it, and away they went, over stick and stone, till their hair whistled in the wind.

When he reached the Golden Castle it was just as the Fox had said. He waited until midnight, when everything lay in deep sleep, and the beautiful princess was going to the bathing-house. Then he sprang out and gave her a kiss. She said that she would like to go with him, but she asked him pitifully, and with tears, to allow her first to take leave of her parents. At first he withstood her prayer, but when she cried more and more, and fell at his feet, he at last gave in. But no sooner had the young lady stepped to the bedside of her

father than he and all the rest in the castle awoke, and the youth was laid hold of and put into prison.

The next morning the King said to him, 'Your life is forfeited, and you can only find mercy if you take away the hill which stands in front of my windows, and prevents my seeing beyond it; and you must finish it all within eight days. If you do that you shall have my daughter as your reward.'

The King's son began, and dug and shovelled without leaving off, but when after seven days he saw how little he had done, and how all his work was as good as nothing, he fell into great sorrow and gave up all hope. But on the evening of the seventh day the Fox appeared and said, 'You do not deserve that I should take any trouble about you; but just go away and lie down to sleep, and I will do the work for you.'

The next morning when he awoke and looked out of the window the hill had gone. The youth ran, full of joy, to the King, and told him that the task was fulfilled, and whether he liked it or not the King had to hold to his word and give him his daughter.

So the two set forth together, and it was not long before the trusty Fox came up with them. 'You have certainly got the best,' said he, 'but the Golden Horse also belongs to the maiden of the Golden Castle.' 'How shall I get it?' asked the youth. 'That I will tell you,' answered the Fox; 'first take the beautiful maiden to the King who sent you to the Golden Castle. There will be unheard of rejoicing; they will gladly give you the Golden Horse and will bring it out to you. Mount it as soon as possible, and offer your hand to all in farewell; last of all to the beautiful maiden. And as soon as you have taken hold of her swing her up on to the horse, and gallop away, and no one will be able to bring you back, for the horse runs faster than the wind.'

All was brought to pass successfully, and the King's son carried off the beautiful princess on the Golden Horse.

The Fox did not remain behind, and he said to the youth, 'Now I will help you to get the Golden Bird. When you come near to the castle, where the Golden Bird is to be found, let the young lady get down and I will take her into my care. Then ride with the Golden Horse into the castle yard; there will be great rejoicing at the sight, and they will bring out the Golden Bird for you. As soon as you have the cage in your hand gallop back to us, and set off again with the young lady.

When the plan had succeeded, and the King's son was about to ride home with his treasures, the Fox said, 'Now you shall reward me for my help.' 'What do you require for it?' asked the youth. 'When you get into the wood yonder, shoot me dead, and chop off my head and feet.'

'That would be fine gratitude,' said the King's son. 'I cannot possibly do that for you.'

The Fox said, 'If you will not do it I must leave you, but before I go away I will give you a piece of good advice. Be careful about two things. Buy no gallows'-flesh, and do not sit at the edge of any well.' And so he ran into the wood.

The youth thought, 'That is a wonderful beast, he has strange whims; who is going to buy gallows'-flesh? and the desire to sit at the edge of a well has never yet taken me.'

He rode on with the beautiful maiden, and his road took him again through the village in which his two brothers had remained. There was a great stir and noise, and, when he asked what was going on, he was told that two people were going to be hanged. As he came nearer to the place he saw that they were his brothers, who had been playing wicked pranks on all sides, and had spent all their wealth. He inquired whether they could not be set free. 'If you will pay for them,' answered the people; 'but why should you waste your money over wicked men, and

buy them free.' But he did not think twice about it, but paid for them, and when they were set free they all went on their way together.

They came to the wood where the Fox had first met them, and, as it was cool and pleasant within it, whilst the sun shone hotly, the two brothers said, 'Let us rest a little by the well, and eat and drink.' He agreed, and whilst they were talking he forgot himself and sat down upon the edge of the well without foreboding any evil. But the two brothers threw him backwards into the well, took the maiden, the Horse, and the Bird, and went home to their father. 'Here we bring you not only the Golden Bird,' said they; 'we have won the Golden Horse also, and the maiden from the Golden Castle.' Then was there great joy; but as for the Horse, it would not eat, the Bird would not sing, and the maiden sat and wept.

But the youngest brother was not dead. By good fortune the well was dry, and he fell upon soft moss without getting any hurt, but he could not get out again. Even in this strait the faithful Fox did not leave him: it came and leapt down to him, and upbraided him for having forgotten his advice. 'But yet I cannot give it up so,' he said; 'I will help you up again into daylight.' He bade him grasp his tail and keep tight hold of it; and so he pulled him up.

'You are not out of all danger yet,' said the Fox. 'Your brothers were not sure of your death, and have surrounded the wood with watchers, who are to kill you if you let yourself be seen.' But a poor man was sitting upon the road, with whom the youth changed clothes, and in this way he got to the King's palace.

No one knew him, but the Bird began to sing, the Horse began to eat, and the beautiful maiden left off weeping. The King, astonished, asked, 'What does this mean?' Then the maiden said, 'I do not know,

but I have been so sorrowful and now I am so happy. I feel as if my right bridegroom were come.' She told him all that had happened, although the other brothers had threatened her with death if she were to betray any thing

The King bade that all people who were in his castle should be brought before him; and amongst them came the youth in his ragged clothes; but the maiden knew him at once and fell upon his neck. The wicked brothers were seized and put to death, but he was married to the beautiful maiden and declared heir to the King.

But how did it fare with the poor Fox? Long afterwards the King's son was once again walking in the wood, when the Fox met him and said, 'You have everything now that you can wish for, but there is never an end to my ill luck, and yet it is in your power to free me, and again he asked him with tears to shoot him dead and to chop off his head and feet. And so he did, and scarcely was it done when the Fox changed himself into a man, and was no one else than the brother of the beautiful princess, who at last was freed from the magic charm which had been upon him. And now nothing more was wanting to their happiness as long as they lived.

THE WOLF AND THE FOX.

A WOLF once had a Fox living with him, and whatever the Wolf wished the Fox had to do, for he was the weaker; and the Fox would have been glad to be rid of his master.

It happened that they were both going through a wood, when the Wolf said, 'Red-fox, get me something

to eat, or I shall eat you up yourself.' Then the Fox answered, 'I know a farm-yard where there is a pair of young lambs; if you like we will get one of them.' The Wolf was pleased, so off they went; the Fox stole the lamb, brought it to the Wolf, and ran away. The Wolf ate it up; but he was not content, and wanted to have the other as well, so he went to fetch it. But he did it so awkwardly that the mother found him out, and began to cry and bleat so dreadfully that the peasant folk came running in. There they found the Wolf, and beat him so pitilessly that he went back to the Fox limping and howling.

The next day they went again into the country, and the greedy Wolf said, 'Red-fox, get me something to eat, or I will eat you up.' Then the Fox answered, 'I know a farm-house where the wife bakes pancakes this evening; we will get some of them.' Off they set, and the Fox crept round about the house, and peeped and snuffled about for some time until he found out where the dish stood; then he took six pancakes and brought them to the Wolf. 'There is something for you to eat,' said he, and went his way.

The Wolf had gobbled down the pancakes in a moment, and said, 'They give one a taste for more,' so he went and straightway pulled the whole dish down so that it was broken into pieces. There was a fine noise, and the wife came out, and when she saw the Wolf she called the people, who ran in and beat him as hard as they could, so that he came back into the wood to the Fox with two lame legs and howling aloud. 'What a mess you have got me into,' said he; 'the peasants caught me and tanned my skin.' But the Fox answered, 'Why are you so greedy?'

On the third day they were out together, and the Wolf was hobbling along with difficulty, yet he said again, 'Red-fox, get me something to eat, or I will eat you up.' The Fox answered, 'I know a man who has

been killing his pigs, and the salted meat is in a tub in the cellar; we will get that.' And the Wolf said, 'But I will go with you now so that you may help me if I cannot get away.' 'Certainly,' said the Fox, and showed him the tricks and ways by which at last they got to the cellar.

There was meat, more than enough, and the Wolf seized on it immediately and thought, 'It will be some time before I leave off.' The Fox also allowed himself a good taste, but kept a good look out, and often ran to the hole through which they had come in, and tried whether his body was still thin enough to slip through. The Wolf said, 'Dear Fox, tell me why you are running about so and jumping in and out.' 'I must see whether any one is coming,' answered the sly fellow, 'only do not eat too much.' Then the Wolf answered, 'I am not going away until the tub is empty.'

In the mean time the farmer, who had heard the alarm from the Fox's jumping, came into the cellar. The Fox as soon as he saw him was out of the hole in one jump; the Wolf tried to follow, but he had eaten himself so big that he could no longer get through, and remained sticking in the hole. Then came the farmer with a cudgel and beat him to death. But the Fox ran into the wood, and was glad to be rid of the old glutton.

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE.

ONCE a Cat made friends with a Mouse, and said so much about the great love and goodwill that she had for her, that at last the Mouse agreed to live in the same place and to keep house together with her.

'But we must take thought for the winter, or else we shall starve,' said the Cat. 'You, little Mouse, cannot go about everywhere, or you will end by falling into a trap.'

This good advice was accordingly followed, and a little pot of fat was bought. But they did not know where to put it away; at last, after much consideration, the Cat said, 'I do not know any better place to put it in than the church, for no one thinks of taking anything away from there: we will put it under the altar, and will not touch it until we have need of it.'

So the pot was put away safely; but it was not long before the Cat felt a great wish for it. So she said to the Mouse, 'I have something to tell you, little Mouse. My aunt has asked me to stand god-mother. She has just had a little son—white, with brown spots—and I am to hold it at the christening. Let me go out to-day, and you take care of the house alone.' 'Oh yes,' said the Mouse, 'go, by all means; and if you have anything good to eat, think of me; how I should like a drop of the sweet, red, christening wine.'

But it was all untrue; the Cat had not an aunt, and was not asked to stand god-mother. She went straight to the church, crept up to the pot of fat, and began to lick it, and licked the top quite away. Then she took a walk upon the roofs of the town, looked round about, and then stretched herself in the sun, and licked her beard as often as she thought of the pot of fat. When it was evening she came home again. 'Well, here you are again,' said the Mouse. 'You must have had a merry day.' 'It went off well,' answered the Cat.

'What name have you given the child?' asked the Mouse.

'Top-off,' said the Cat, quite coolly.

'Top-off!' cried the Mouse; 'that is a queer, uncommon name. Is it a family name?'

'What does it matter?' said the Cat; 'it is not

worse than "Crumb-thief," as your god-children are named.'

Not long afterwards the Cat again had the same longing. She said to the Mouse, 'You must be so kind as to take care of the house alone once more. I am asked to stand god-mother again, and, as the child has a white ring round its neck, I cannot refuse.' The good Mouse was quite willing, but the Cat crept behind the wall of the town to the church, and ate the pot of fat half out. 'Nothing tastes better,' said she, 'than what one eats one's self,' and she was quite content with her day's work. When she got home the Mouse asked, 'Well, what has this child been christened?' 'Half-out,' answered the Cat.

'Half-out! do you say? I never heard such a name in all my life! I wager it is not in the calendar.'

The Cat's mouth soon watered for another taste. 'All good things come in threes,' she said to the Mouse, 'so I am again to stand god-mother; the child is quite black, with only white paws, and not another white hair on its whole body. That happens only once in two years, so you must let me go out.'

'Top-off! Half-out!' answered the Mouse, 'they are such curious names, they make me wonder.'

'You sit there at home in your dark-gray fur coat, and your long pigtail, until you get fancies,' said the Cat; 'that comes of not going out in the daytime.'

The Mouse was busy whilst the Cat was away, putting the house in order; but the greedy Cat ate the pot of fat clean out. 'When it is all gone I shall rest in peace,' she said to herself, and as soon as it was night went home full and fat. The Mouse at once asked what was the name given to the third child. 'I suppose it will not please you any better,' said the Cat; 'he is named All-gone.' 'All-gone,' cried the Mouse, 'that is the most remarkable name of all; never yet have I seen it in print. All-gone! what can that

mean?' She shook her head, rolled herself up, and went to sleep.

After that no one asked the Cat to stand god-mother; but when winter had come, and nothing more was to be found out-of-doors, the Mouse thought of their store, and said, 'We will go to our pot of fat which we have kept in store; it will taste well.'

'Yes, indeed,' answered the Cat; 'it will taste as well as if you put your small tongue out of the window.' They set out on the journey, and when they arrived the pot was still standing in its place, but it was empty. 'Ah,' said the Mouse, 'now I see what has happened; now it all comes to light; you are my true friend, are you? you have eaten it all up, as you stood god-mother: first Top-off, then Half-out, then——'

'Be quiet,' cried the Cat; 'a word more and I will eat you.'

'All-gone' was already on the poor Mouse's tongue, but it was scarcely out of her mouth, when the Cat made a spring, seized her, and swallowed her up.

Such, you see, is the way of the world!

THE FISHER AND HIS WIFE.

THERE was once a Fisher who lived with his wife in a hovel close by the sea, and every day he went out fishing.

Once as he was sitting with his rod, looking into the bright smooth water, his line suddenly went down, and when he drew it up again there was a large fish on it; and the Fish said to him, 'I pray you, Fisher, let me live. I am not a real fish, but an enchanted prince. What good will it do you to kill me? I shall not taste

nice; put me into the water again, and let me swim away.' 'Well,' said the man, 'you need not make so many words about it; a fish that can talk I will surely let swim,' and he put the fish back again into the clear water, where it went down to the bottom, and left a long streak of blood behind it. And the Fisher went home to his hut.

'Well, husband,' said his wife, 'have not you caught anything to-day?' 'Oh,' he replied, 'I caught a fish which said it was an enchanted prince, and so I let him go again.' 'Did not you wish anything first?' said his wife. 'No,' said the man; 'what should I wish?' 'Ah,' said the woman, 'it is surely hard that one has always to live in this dirty hovel; you might have wished for a pretty cottage. Go again and call him, and tell him we want to have a pretty cottage. He will do that surely.' 'But why should I go again?' said the man. 'Why,' said the wife, 'you had caught him, and you let him swim again; he is sure to do it. Go along at once.'

The man still did not wish to go, but his wife was not to be refused, and so he went. When he got there the water was all green and yellow, and no longer so smooth; and he stood and called out—

'Oh, Fish of the sea,
Listen to me;
My wife, Ilsabil,
Will have her own will.'

Then the Fish came swimming to him and said, 'Well, what is her will, then?' 'Ah,' said the man, 'I had caught you, and my wife said I ought to have wished something. She does not want to live any longer in a hovel, and would like a cottage.' 'Go, then,' said the Fish; 'she has it.'

Then the man went home, and found his wife no more in the hovel. Instead of it there was a pretty cottage, and she was sitting on a bench before the

door. Then she took him by the arm and said, 'Come in, husband; see, is not this a good deal better?' And so they went in, and inside the cottage was a pretty lobby, and a beautiful parlour and bedroom, and a kitchen and dining-room, all with the best furniture, and fitted up with the most beautiful things made of tin and brass, and whatever was proper. And behind was a neat yard, with fowls and ducks, and a pretty garden full of flowers and fruit. 'See,' said the wife, 'is not that nice?' 'Yes,' said the husband, 'so it shall be; now we will live quite contented.' 'We will think about that,' said the wife, and they ate something and went to bed.

Everything went well for a week or two, and then the woman said, 'Hark, husband, this cottage is much too small, and the garden and yard are so little; the Fish might have given us a larger house. I should like to live in a large stone palace; go to the Fish and tell him to give us a castle.' 'Ah, wife,' said the man, 'the cottage is quite good enough; why should we want to live in a palace?' 'What!' said the wife; 'you be off, the Fish can easily do it.' 'Nay, wife,' said the man, 'the Fish has already given us the cottage; I do not like to go again at all, it might make him angry.' 'Go,' said the wife, 'he can do it easily, and will like to do it.'

The man's heart was heavy, and he wished not to go. He said to himself, 'It is not right,' but yet he went. And when he came to the sea the water was quite purple and dark-blue, and grey and thick, and was no longer so green and yellow, but it was still quiet. And he stood and said—

'Oh, Fish of the sea,
Listen to me;
My wife, Ilsabil,
Will have her own will.'

'Well, what is her will?' said the Fish. 'Ah,' said

the man, half scared, 'she wants to live in a large stone palace.' 'Be off,' said the Fish; 'she is standing before the door.'

And the man went away, and thought he would go to his home, but when he got there, there stood a great stone palace, and his wife was on the steps just going in, and she took his hand and said, 'Come along in.' And so he went in with her, and in the castle there was a large floor paved with marble, and so many servants, who opened the great doors; and the walls were all bright with beautiful curtains, and in the rooms were chairs and tables of pure gold, and crystal candle-crowns hung from the ceiling, and all the rooms and chambers had carpets so fine, and the tables were covered with food of the best, and wines, until they were ready to break. And behind the house was a large yard, with stables for horses and cows, and the very best of carriages; and there was a fine large garden too, with most beautiful flowers and fruit-trees, and a park half a mile long, in which were stags, and deer, and hares, and everything which one could ever want.

'Now,' said the woman, 'is not that beautiful?' 'Yes, indeed,' said the man, 'now let it be; we will live in the beautiful castle and be content.' 'We will think about that,' said the wife, 'and we will sleep upon it;' and with this they went to bed.

The next morning the wife woke up as soon as it was day, and saw from her bed the beautiful country lying before them. Her husband was still stretching himself, so she poked him in the side with her elbow, and said, 'Get up, husband, and just look out of the window. See, cannot we become king over all that country? Go to the Fish, we will be king.' 'Ah, wife,' said the man, 'why do we want to be king? I cannot be a king.' 'Well,' said the wife, 'if you will not be king, I will; go to the Fish and say, I want to be king.' 'Ah, wife,' said the man, 'why will you be

king? I cannot ask him that.' 'Why not?' said the woman; 'go to him at once; I must be king.' So the man went away, and was quite sad because his wife wished to be king. 'That is not right,' thought the man; he did not wish to go, but yet he went.

When he came to the sea the water was quite dark-grey, and dashed up from below, and had a heavy swell. And he stood and said—

'Oh, Fish of the sea,
Listen to me;
My wife, Ilsabil,
Will have her own will.'

'Well, what is her will?' said the Fish. 'Ah,' said the man, 'she wants to be king.' 'Go,' said the Fish; 'she is it already.'

So the man went away, and when he came near to the palace it had become much bigger, and had a large tower, and a fine road up to it. And the sentinel stood before the door, and there were a lot of soldiers with drums and trumpets. And when he went inside the house, it was all of pure marble and gold, with velvet covers, and large golden tassels. And when the doors of the hall were opened, there was the whole court, and his wife sat on a high throne of gold and diamonds, with a large golden crown on her head, and a sceptre of pure gold and jewels in her hand, and on each side of her stood six young ladies in a row, each one more beautiful than the last.

Then he stood still and said, 'Ah, wife, are you king now?' And she said, 'Yes, I am king.' And he stood and looked at her; and when he had looked some time, he said, 'What more is left, now that you are king? now we will not wish anything more.' 'Nay, husband,' said the woman, and she was quite uneasy; 'I find the time much too long, I cannot bear it any longer; go to the Fish—I am king, but I must be emperor too.' 'Alas, wife,' said he, 'why will you be emperor?' 'Hus-

band,' said she, 'go to the Fish; I will be emperor.' 'Alas, wife,' said the man, 'he cannot make you emperor; I cannot ask the Fish to do that; only one man in the land is emperor. The Fish cannot make an emperor.'

'What!' said the wife, 'I am king, and you are my husband; be off at once; go along, if he can make me king he can make me emperor too; I will be emperor, go at once.' And so he was obliged to go, but as he went he was troubled in mind, and he thought to himself, 'That will not do, "Emperor" is too impudent; the Fish will be tired of it at last.'

When he came to the sea the water was quite black and thick, and it began to boil up from below, so that there were bubbles on it, and a wind blew over it, and it curdled, till the man shuddered with fear. And he stood and said—

'Oh, Fish of the sea,
Listen to me;
My wife, Ilsabil,
Will have her own will.'

'What does she want, then?' said the Fish. 'Ah, Fish,' said he, 'my wife wants to be emperor.' 'Go,' said the Fish; 'she is it already.'

And the man went back; and when he came to the palace, the whole was of polished marble with alabaster figures and ornaments, and soldiers were marching before the door blowing trumpets, and beating cymbals and drums; and in the house, barons, and counts, and dukes went about as servants, and opened the doors, which were of solid gold.

And when he came in, there sat his wife on a throne, which was made out of one piece of gold that seemed to be miles high; and she had a great golden crown on, three yards high, and set with brilliants and precious stones; and in one hand she had a sceptre, and in the other the imperial orb; and on each side stood the

guardsmen—in two rows, each one being smaller than the last, from the biggest giant, who was two miles high, to the tiniest dwarf, who was about as big as a little finger. Before her stood many princes and dukes.

Then the man went and stood between them, and said, 'Wife, are you emperor now?' 'Yes,' said she, 'I am emperor.' Then he stood and looked at her well, and when he had looked some time he said, 'Ah, wife, what is there left, now that you are emperor?' 'Husband,' said she, 'why do you stand there? I am an emperor now; but I will be pope too. Go to the Fish.' 'Ah, wife,' said the man, 'what will you not wish for? You cannot be pope; there is only one pope in Christendom; he cannot make you that.' 'Husband,' said she, 'I will be pope; go at once, I must be pope this very day.' 'No, wife,' said the man, 'I should not like to say it to him; it is not right, it is too greedy; the Fish cannot make you a pope.' 'Husband,' said she, 'what rubbish! if he can make an emperor he can make a pope too. Go directly to him. I am emperor, and you are my husband; will you go to him?'

Then he grew afraid and went; but he was quite frightened, and trembled, and his knees and legs shook. And such a wind blew on to the land, that the clouds flew before it; and it grew dark towards the evening, and the leaves fell from the trees, and the waters roared and splashed on the shore; a long way off were ships firing in distress, and pitching and tossing on the waves. Yet in the midst of the sky there was still a little bit of blue, but at the sides it grew quite red as in a heavy storm. So he was very much afraid when he cried out—

'Oh, Fish of the sea,
Listen to me;
My wife, Ilsabil,
Will have her own will.'

'What does she want, then?' said the Fish. 'Ah,' said

the man, 'she wants to be pope.' 'Go, then; she is it,' said the Fish.

And when he came, he found a large church surrounded with palaces. He had to push his way through the crowd; and when he got inside it was lighted with thousands and thousands of candles, and his wife was clothed in gold, and sat on a much higher throne, and had three great golden crowns on, and all around her was a great deal of state and grandeur; and on each side stood a row of lights from the biggest, as thick and tall as a large tower, down to the smallest wax-taper, and all the emperors and kings knelt before her, and kissed her slipper.

'Wife,' said the man, looking at her, 'are you pope now?' 'Yes,' said she, 'I am pope.' And he stood and looked at her, and it was just as though he was looking at the sun. When he had looked thus a little time, he said, 'Ah, wife, what is left now that you are pope?' But she looked as stiff as a tree, and did not move an inch. Then said he, 'Now be content, wife; you cannot be anything more.' 'I will think over that,' said the wife; and with this they went to bed. But she was not content, and she could not go to sleep through covetousness and continually thinking what she should next become.

The husband slept well and soundly, for he had had a good deal of running about that day; but his wife could not go to sleep, and tossed from one side to the other the whole night, and thought what she could possibly be, but she could think of nothing more. But when the sun rose, and she saw the red day-break, she sat up in bed and looked out of the window.

'Ha!' thought she, as she saw the sun come up, 'can not I order the sun and moon to rise?' 'Husband,' said she, poking him in the ribs with her elbow, 'wake up! go to the Fish, and say I want to be ruler of the sun.'

The man was still half asleep, but he was so startled that he fell out of the bed. He thought he had heard wrongly, and rubbed his eyes, and said, 'What do you say, wife?'

'Husband,' said she, 'if I cannot make the sun and moon rise, but must just look at them doing it, I shall not be able to bear it. I shall not have another quiet hour if I cannot rule them myself.' And she looked at him so terribly that a shudder ran over him. 'Go at once; I will be ruler of the sun and moon.'

'Ah, wife,' said the man, falling on his knees before her, 'the Fish cannot do that; emperor and pope he can make, I beseech you be as you are, remain a pope.' Then she grew so angry that her hair flew wildly about her head, and she cried, 'I cannot and will not bear this any longer; will you go?' So he put on his clothes and ran off as quickly as he could.

But outside there was a great storm, and it blew so that he could hardly keep on his feet; the houses and trees shook, and the mountains trembled, and the rocks rolled into the sea. The sky grew pitch black, and it thundered and lightened, and the sea had great black waves as high as church-towers and mountains, all with white crests of foam on the top, and he could not hear his own words when he cried out—

'Oh, Fish of the sea,
Listen to me;
My wife, Ilsabil,
Will have her own will.'

Well what does she want now?' said the Fish. 'Ah,' said he, 'she wants to be ruler of the sun and moon.' 'Go,' said the Fish, 'she is sitting again in the dirty hovel.'

And there they are sitting, I dare say, to this day.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN.

ONCE there was a miller who was poor, but who had a beautiful daughter. Now it happened that he had to go and speak to the King, and in order to make himself appear important he said to him, 'I have a daughter who can spin straw into gold.' The King said to the miller, 'That is an art which pleases me well; if your daughter is as clever as you say, bring her to-morrow to my palace and I will try what she can do.'

Now when the girl was brought to him he took her into a room which was quite full of straw, gave her a spinning-wheel and a reel, and said, 'Now set to work, and if by to-morrow morning early you have not spun this straw into gold during the night, you must die.' Thereupon he himself shut up the room and left her in it alone. So there sat the poor miller's daughter, and could not tell what to do for her life; she had no idea how straw could be spun into gold, and she grew more and more miserable, until at last she began to weep.

But all at once the door opened, and in came a little man, and said, 'Good evening, Miss Miller; why are you crying so?' 'Alas!' answered the girl, 'I have to spin straw into gold, and I do not know how to do it.' 'What will you give me,' said the manikin, 'if I do it for you?' 'My necklace,' said the girl. The little man took the necklace, set himself down in front of the wheel, and 'whirr, whirr, whirr,' three turns, and the reel was full; then he put another on, and whirr, whirr, whirr, three times round, and the second was full too. And so it went on until the morning, when all the straw was spun, and all the reels were full of gold. By daybreak the King was already there, and when he

saw the gold he was astonished and delighted, but his heart became only more greedy. He had the miller's daughter taken into another room full of straw, which was much larger, and commanded her to spin that also in one night if she valued her life. The girl knew not how to help herself, and was crying when the door again opened, and the little man appeared, and said, 'What will you give me if I spin the straw into gold for you?' 'The ring on my finger,' answered the girl. The little man took the ring, again began to wind the wheel, and by morning had spun all the straw into glittering gold.

The King rejoiced beyond measure at the sight, but still he had not gold enough; and he had the miller's daughter taken into a still larger room full of straw, and said, 'You must spin this, too, in the course of this night; but if you succeed you shall be my wife.' 'Even if she be a miller's daughter,' thought he, 'I could not find a richer woman in the whole world.'

When the girl was alone the manikin came again for the third time, and said, 'What will you give me if I spin the straw for you this time also?' 'I have nothing left that I could give,' answered the girl. 'Then promise me, if you should become Queen, your first child.' 'Who knows whether that will ever happen?' thought the miller's daughter; and, not knowing how else to help herself in this strait, she promised the manikin what he wanted, and for that he once more spun the straw into gold.

And when the King came in the morning, and found all as he had wished, he took her in marriage, and the pretty miller's daughter became a Queen.

A year after she had a beautiful child, and she never gave a thought to the manikin. But suddenly he came into her room, and said, 'Now give me what you promised.' The Queen was horror-struck, and offered the manikin all the riches of the kingdom if he would

leave the child. But the manikin said, 'No, anything living is dearer to me than all the treasures in the world.' Then the Queen began to weep and cry, so that the manikin pitied her. 'I will give you time for three days,' said he; 'if before then you find out my name then shall you keep your child.'

So the Queen thought the whole night over all the names that she had ever heard, and she sent a messenger over the country to inquire, far and wide, for any other names that there might be. When the manikin came the next day, she began with Caspar, Melchior, Balthazar, and said all the names she knew, one after another; but to every one the little man said, 'That is not my name.' On the second day she had inquiries made in the neighbourhood as to the names of the people there, and she repeated to the manikin the most uncommon and curious. 'Perhaps your name is Shortribs, or Sheepshanks, or Laceleg?' but he always answered, 'That is not my name.'

On the third day the messenger came back again, and said, 'I have not been able to find a single new name, but as I came to a high mountain round the end of the forest, where fox and hare bid each other good night, there I saw a little house, and before the house a fire was burning, and round about the fire quite a ridiculous little man was jumping: he hopped upon one leg, and shouted—

> '"To-day I bake, to-morrow brew,
> The next I'll have the young Queen's child.
> Ha! glad am I that no one knew
> That Rumpelstiltskin I am styled."'

You may think how glad the Queen was when she heard the name. And when soon afterwards the little man came in, and asked, 'Now, Madam Queen, what is my name?' at first she said, 'Is your name Conrad?' 'No.' 'Is your name Harry?' 'No.'

'Perhaps your name is Rumpelstiltskin?'

'A witch has told you that! a witch has told you that!' cried the little man, and in his anger he stamped with the right foot so hard on the ground that his whole leg went in; and then in rage he pulled at his left leg so hard with both hands that he tore himself in two.

THE JEW AMONG THORNS.

THERE was once a rich man, who had a servant who served him diligently and honestly: he was every morning the first out of bed, and the last in of an evening; and, whenever there was a difficult job to be done, which nobody cared to undertake, he was always the first to set himself to it. Moreover, he never complained, but was contented with everything, and always merry.

When a year was ended, his master gave him no wages, for he said to himself that is the cleverest way; for I shall save something, and he will not go away, but stay quietly in my service. The servant said nothing, but did his work for the second year as in the first; and when at the end of this, likewise, he received no wages, he made himself happy, and still stayed on.

When the third year also was past, the master considered, put his hand in his pocket, but pulled nothing out. Then at last the servant began and said, 'Master, for three years I have served you honestly, be so good as to give me what I ought to have; for I wish to leave, and look about me a little farther in the world.'

'Yes, my good fellow,' answered the old miser; 'you have served me industriously, and, therefore, you shall be cheerfully rewarded;' and he put his hand into his pocket, but counted out only three farthings, saying,

'There, you have a farthing for each year; that is a large and liberal pay, such as you would have received from few masters!'

The honest servant, who understood little about money, put his fortune into his pocket, and thought, 'Ah! now you have your purse full, why need you trouble and plague yourself any longer with hard work!' So on he went, up hill and down dale; and sang and jumped to his heart's content. Now it came to pass that as he was going by some bushes a little man stepped out, and called to him, 'Whither away, merry brother? I see you do not carry many cares.' 'Why should I be sad?' answered the Servant; 'I have enough; three years' wages are rattling in my pocket.'

'How much is your treasure?' the Dwarf asked him.

'How much? three farthings sterling, all told.'

'Look here,' said the Dwarf, 'I am a poor needy man, give me your three farthings; I can work no longer, but you are young, and can easily earn your bread.'

And as the Servant had a good heart, and felt pity for the old man, he gave him the three farthings, saying, 'Take them in the name of Heaven, and I shall not be any the worse for it.'

Then the little man said, 'As I see you have a good heart I promise you three wishes, one for each farthing, they shall all be granted to you.'

'Aha?' said the Servant, 'you are one who can whistle blue! Well, then, if it is to be so, I wish, first, for a gun, which shall hit everything that I aim at; secondly, a fiddle, such that when I play on it all who hear it shall dance; thirdly, that if I ask a favour of any one he shall not be able to refuse it.'

'You can have all that,' said the Dwarf; and putting his hand into the bush there lay, as soon as one could think, a fiddle and gun, all ready, as if they had

been ordered. These he gave to the Servant, and then said to him, 'Whatever you may ask at any time, no man in the world shall be able to deny you.'

'What can you desire now, my heart?' said the Servant to himself, and went merrily onwards. Soon he met a Jew with a long goat's-beard, who was standing listening to the song of a bird which sat high up on the top of a tree. 'What a wonder,' he was exclaiming, 'that such a small creature has such a fearfully loud voice! if it were only mine! if only some one would sprinkle some salt upon its tail!'

'If that is all,' said the Servant, 'the bird shall soon be down here;' and taking aim he pulled the trigger, and down fell the bird into the thorn-bush. 'Go, you rogue,' he said to the Jew, 'and fetch the bird out!'

'Leave out the rogue, my master,' said the Jew; 'and the dog will come. I will get the bird out for myself, because you killed it so well.' Then he went down on his hands and knees and began to crawl into the bush.

When he was fast among the thorns, the good Servant's humour so tempted him that he took up his fiddle and began to play. In a moment the Jew's legs began to go, and to jump into the air, and the more the Servant fiddled the better went the dance. But the thorns tore his shabby coat for him, combed his beard, and stuck and plucked him all over the body. 'My master,' cried the Jew, 'what is your fiddling to me? leave the fiddle alone; I do not want to dance.'

But the Servant did not listen to him, and thought, 'You have made people pay often enough, now the thorn-bushes shall do the same to you;' and he began to play over again, so that the Jew jumped higher than ever, and scraps of his coat were left hanging on the thorns. 'Oh, woe's me!' cried the Jew; 'I will give the master what he wants if only he leaves off fiddling—a purse full of gold.' 'If you are so liberal,' said the Servant, 'I will stop my music; but this I

must say to your credit, that you dance to it so well that it is quite an art;' and having taken the purse he went his way.

The Jew stood still and watched the Servant quietly until he was far off and out of sight, and then he screamed out with all his might. 'You miserable musician, you beer-house fiddler! wait till I catch you alone, I will hunt you till the soles of your shoes fall off! you ragamuffin, you farthingsworth!' and went on abusing him as fast as he could speak. As soon as he had refreshed himself a little in this way and got his breath again, he ran into the town to the justice.

'My lord judge,' he said, 'have pity; see how a rascal has robbed and ill-treated me on the public highway! a stone on the ground might pity me; my clothes all torn, my body pricked and scratched, my little all gone with my purse,—good ducats, each piece better than the last; for mercy's sake let the man be put in prison!'

'Was it a soldier,' said the judge, 'who has cut you thus with his sabre?' 'Nothing of the sort!' said the Jew; 'it was no sword that he had, but a gun hanging at his back, and a fiddle at his neck; the wretch is easily known.'

So the judge sent his people out after the man, and they found the good Servant, who had been going quite slowly along, and they found too the purse upon him. As soon as he was set before the judge he said, 'I have not touched the Jew, nor taken his money; he gave it to me of his own free will, only that I might leave off fiddling because he could not bear my music.'

'Heaven defend us!' cried the Jew, 'he tells lies as thick as flies upon the wall.'

The judge also did not believe his tale, and said, 'This is a bad defence, no Jew would do that.' And because he had committed robbery on the public road, he sentenced the good Servant to be hanged. As he was led away the Jew again screamed after him, 'You

bearskin! you dog of a fiddler! now you are going to receive your well-earned reward!' The Servant walked quietly with the hangman up the ladder, but upon the last step he turned round and said to the judge, 'Grant me only one request before I die.'

'Yes, if you do not ask your life,' said the judge.

'I do not ask for life,' answered the Servant, 'but as a last favour let me play once more upon my fiddle.'

The Jew raised a great cry of 'Murder! murder! for goodness sake do not allow it!' But the judge said, 'Why should I not grant him this short pleasure? it is almost all over with him, and for that reason he shall have his request.' However, he could not have refused on account of the gift which had been granted to the Servant.

Then the Jew cried, 'Oh! woe's me! tie me, tie me fast!' while the good Servant took his fiddle from his neck, and set it aright. As he gave the first scrape, they all began to bend and shake, the judge, his clerk, and the hangman and all, and the rope fell out of the hand of him who was going to make the Jew fast. At the second scrape all raised their legs, and the hangman let loose the good Servant and made himself ready to dance. At the third scrape they all sprang into the air and began to dance; the judge and the Jew being the best ones to jump. Soon all who had gathered in the market-place out of curiosity were dancing with them; old and young, fat and thin, one with another. The dogs, likewise, as they came by, got up on their hind legs and capered about; and the longer he played the higher sprang the dancers, so that they thumped each other on the head, and began to shriek terribly.

At length the judge cried, quite out of breath, 'I will give you your life if you will only stop fiddling.' The good Servant thereupon had compassion, took his fiddle and hung it round his neck, and stepped down

the ladder. Then he stepped up to the Jew, who lay upon the ground panting for breath, and said, 'You rascal, confess, now, whence you got the money, or I will take my fiddle and begin to play again.' 'I stole it, I stole it!' cried he; 'but you have honestly earned it.' So the judge had the Jew taken to the gallows and hanged as a thief.

THE CUNNING LITTLE TAILOR.

THERE was once on a time a princess who was extremely proud. If a wooer came she gave him some riddle to guess, and if he could not find it out, he was sent scornfully away. She let it be known also that whosoever guessed her riddle should marry her, let him be who he might.

So at length, three tailors fell in with each other, the two eldest of whom thought they had done so many neat bits of work successfully that they could not fail to succeed in this also; the third was a useless little gad-about, who did not even know his trade; but he thought he must have some luck in this venture, for where else was it to come from?

Then the two others said to him, "Just stay at home; thou canst not do much with thy little bit of wit." The little tailor, however, did not let himself be daunted, and said he had set his head to work about this for once, and he would manage well enough, and he went forth as if the whole world were his.

They all three announced themselves to the princess, and asked her to propound her riddle to them; for the right people had come at last, who had wits so fine and subtle that they could be threaded in a needle. Then said the princess, "I have two kinds of hair on my head, of what colour is it?" "If that be all," said the first, "it must be black and white, like the cloth which is called 'pepper and salt.'"

The princess said, "Wrongly guessed; let the second answer."

Then said the second, "If it be not black and white, then it is brown and red, like my father's best coat." "Wrongly guessed," said the princess; "let the third

give the answer, for I see very well he knows it for certain."

Then the little tailor stepped boldly forth and said, "The princess has a silver and a golden hair on her head, and those are the two colours." When the princess heard that, she turned pale and nearly fell down with fright, for the little tailor had guessed her riddle, and she had firmly believed that no man on earth could discover it.

When her courage returned, she said, "Thou hast not won me yet by that; there is still something else that thou must do. Below, in the stable, is a bear with which thou shalt pass the night, and when I get up in the morning if thou art still alive, thou shalt marry me." She expected, however, she should thus get rid of the tailor, for the bear had never yet left any one alive who had fallen into his clutches. The little tailor did not let himself be scared away, but was quite delighted, and said, "Boldly ventured is half won."

When therefore the evening came, our little tailor was taken down to the bear. The bear was going to set upon the little fellow at once, and give him a hearty welcome with his paws: "Softly, softly," said the little tailor, "I will soon make thee quiet." Then quite composedly, and as if he had not any fear, he took some nuts out of his pocket, cracked them, and ate the kernels.

When the bear saw that, he was seized with a desire to have some nuts too. The tailor felt in his pocket, and reached him a handful, though they were not nuts, but pebbles. The bear put them in his mouth, but could get nothing out of them, bite as he would.

"Eh!" thought he, "what a stupid blockhead I am! I cannot even crack a nut!" and then he said to the tailor, "Here, crack me the nuts." "There, see what a stupid fellow thou art!" said the little tailor, "to have such a great mouth, and not be able to crack

a small nut!" Then he took the pebble and nimbly put a nut in his mouth in the place of it, and crack, it was in two! "I must try the thing again," said the bear; "when I see it, then I think I ought to be able to do it too." So the tailor once more gave him a pebble, and the bear tried and tried to bite into it

with all his strength. But no one will imagine that he did it.

When that was over, the tailor took out a violin from beneath his coat, and played a piece on it to himself. When the bear heard the music, he could not help beginning to dance, and when he had danced a while, the thing pleased him so well that he said to

the little tailor, "Hark you, is the fiddle heavy?" "Light enough for a child. Look, with the left hand I lay my fingers on it, and with the right I stroke it with the bow, and then it goes merrily, hop la la tra-la-lalera!" "Well," said the bear, "fiddling is a thing I should like to understand too, so that I might dance whenever I had a fancy. What dost thou think of that? Wilt thou give me lessons?" "With all my heart," said the tailor, "if thou hast a talent for it. But just let me see thy claws, they are terribly long, I must cut thy nails a little." Then a vice was brought, and the bear put his claws in it, and the little tailor screwed it tight, and said, "Now wait until I come with the scissors," and he let the bear growl as he liked, and lay down in the corner on a bundle of straw, and fell asleep.

When the princess heard the bear growling so fiercely during the night, she believed nothing else but that he was growling for joy, and had made an end of the tailor. In the morning she arose careless and happy, but when she peeped into the stable the tailor stood gaily before her, as lively as a fish in water. Now she could not say another word against the wedding, because she had given a promise before every one, and the King ordered a carriage to be brought in which she was to drive to church with the tailor, and there she was to be married.

When they had got into the carriage, the two other tailors, who had false hearts and envied him his good fortune, went into the stable and unscrewed the bear again. The bear in great fury ran after the carriage. The princess heard him snorting and growling; she was terrified, and she cried, "Ah, the bear is behind us and wants to get thee!" The tailor was quick and stood on his head, stuck his legs out of the window, and cried, "Dost thou see the vice? If thou dost not be off thou shalt be put into it again." When the

bear saw that, he turned round and ran away. The tailor drove quietly to church, and the princess was married to him at once, and he lived with her as happy as a woodlark. Whosoever does not believe this, must pay a dollar.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

THERE was once a man who had three sons, and he had nothing in the world more but the house in which he lived. Now each of the sons wished to have the house after their father's death; but the good man loved them all alike, and did not know what he should do to be just to them all; he did not wish to sell the house, because it had belonged to his forefathers, else he might have divided the money amongst his sons. At last a plan came into his head, and he said to his sons, 'Go into the world, and try each of you to learn a trade, and, when you all come back, he who does the best shall have the house.'

The sons were well content with this, and the eldest determined to be a blacksmith, the second a barber, and the third a fencing-master. They fixed a time when they should all come home again, and then went each his way.

It chanced that they all found skilful masters, who taught them their trades well. The Blacksmith had to shoe the king's horses, and he thought to himself, 'The house is mine, without doubt.' The Barber shaved many great people, and he too already looked upon the house as his own. The Fencing-master got many a blow, but he only bit his lip, and did not vex himself;

'For,' said he to himself, 'if you are afraid of a blow you'll never win the house.'

At the time fixed the three brothers came back home to their father; but they did not know how to find the best opportunity for showing their skill, so they sat down and consulted together. As they were sitting thus, all at once a hare came running across the field. 'Ah, ha, just in time!' said the Barber. So he took his basin and soap, and lathered away until the hare came up; then he soaped and shaved the hare's whiskers whilst he was running at the top of his speed, and did not even cut his skin or injure a hair on his body. 'Well done!' said the old man, 'your brothers must look out, or the house will be yours.'

Soon after, up came a nobleman in his coach, dashing along at full speed. 'Now you shall see what I can do, father,' said the Blacksmith; so away he ran after the coach, took the shoes off one of the horses' feet whilst he was galloping, and put on four new shoes without his stopping. 'You are a fine fellow, and as clever as your brother,' said his father; 'I do not know to which I shall give the house.'

Then the third son said, 'Father, let me have my turn, if you please;' and, as it just began to rain, he drew his sword, and flourished it above his head, across and across, so fast that not a drop fell upon him. It went on to rain still harder and harder, till at last it seemed as if the flood-gates of the clouds were burst; but he only flourished his sword faster and faster, and remained as dry as if he were sitting under a roof. When his father saw this he was amazed, and said, 'You have done the best, the house is yours.'

Both his brothers were satisfied with this, as they had agreed beforehand; and, as they loved one another very much, they all three stayed together in the house, followed their trades, and, as they had learnt them so well and were so clever, they earned a great deal of

money. Thus they lived together happily until they grew old; and at last, when one of them fell sick and died, the two others grieved so sorely about it that they also fell ill, and soon after died. And because they had been so clever, and had loved one another so much, they were all laid in the same grave.

THE TURNIP.

THERE were once two brothers who both served as soldiers; one of them was rich, and the other poor. Then the poor one, to escape from his poverty, put off his soldier's coat, and turned farmer. He dug and hoed his bit of land, and sowed it with turnip-seed. The seed came up, and one turnip grew there which became large and vigorous, and visibly grew bigger and bigger, and seemed as if it would never stop growing, so that it might have been called the princess of turnips, for never was such an one seen before, and never will such an one be seen again.

At length it was so enormous that by itself it filled a whole cart, and two oxen were required to draw it, and the farmer had not the least idea what he was to do with the turnip, or whether it would be a fortune to him, or a misfortune. At last he thought, 'If thou sellest it, what wilt thou get for it that is of any importance, and if thou eatest it thyself, why the small turnips would do thee just as much good; it would be better to take it to the King and make him a present of it.'

So he placed it on a cart, harnessed two oxen, took it to the palace, and presented it to the King. 'What strange thing is this?' said the King. 'Many wonderful

things have come before my eyes, but never such a monster as this! From what seed can this have sprung, or are you a luck-child and have met with it by chance?' 'Ah no!' said the farmer, 'no luck-child am I. I am a poor soldier, who because he could no longer support himself hung his soldier's coat on a nail and took to farming land. I have a brother who is rich and well known to you, Lord King, but I, because I have nothing, am forgotten by every one.'

Then the King felt compassion for him, and said, 'Thou shalt be raised from thy poverty, and shalt have such gifts from me that thou shalt be equal to thy rich brother.' Then he bestowed on him much gold, and lands, and meadows, and herds, and made him immensely rich, so that the wealth of the other brother could not be compared with his. When the rich brother heard what the poor one had gained for himself with one single turnip he envied him, and thought in every way how he also could get hold of a similar piece of luck. He would, however, set about it in a much wiser way, and took gold and horses and carried them to the King, and made certain the King would give him a much larger present in return. If his brother had got so much for one turnip, what would he not carry away with him in return for such beautiful things as these? The King accepted his present, and said he had nothing to give him in return that was more rare and excellent than the great turnip. So the rich man was obliged to put his brother's turnip in a cart and have it taken to his home. When there he did not know on whom to vent his rage and anger, until bad thoughts came to him, and he resolved to kill his brother. He hired murderers, who were to lie in ambush, and then he went to his brother and said, 'Dear brother, I know of a hidden treasure, we will dig it up together, and divide it between us.' The other agreed to this, and accompanied him without suspicion. While they were

on their way, however, the murderers fell on him, bound him, and would have hanged him to a tree. But just as they were doing this, loud singing and the sound of a horse's feet were heard in the distance. On this their hearts were filled with terror, and they pushed their prisoner head first into the sack, hung it on a branch, and took to flight. He, however, worked up there until he had made a hole in the sack through which he could put his head. He who was coming by was no other than a travelling Student, a young fellow who rode on his way through the wood joyously singing his song. When he who was aloft saw that some one was passing below him he cried, 'Good day! You have come at a lucky time.' The Student looked round on every side, but did not know whence the voice came. At last he said, 'Who calls me?' Then an answer came from the top of the tree, 'Raise your eyes; here I sit aloft in the Sack of Wisdom. In a short time have I learnt great things; compared with this all schools are a jest; in a very short time I shall have learnt everything, and shall descend wiser than all other men. I understand the stars, and the signs of the zodiac, and the tracks of the winds, the sand of the sea, the healing of illness, and the virtues of all herbs, birds, and stones. If you were once within it you would feel what noble things issue forth from the Sack of Knowledge.'

The Student, when he heard all this, was astonished, and said, 'Blessed be the hour in which I have found thee. May not I also enter the sack for a while?' He who was above replied as if unwillingly, 'For a short time I will let you get into it, if you reward me and give me good words; but you must wait an hour longer, for one thing remains which I must learn before I do it.' When the Student had waited awhile he became impatient, and begged to be allowed to get in at once, his thirst for knowledge was so very great. So he who

was above pretended at last to yield, and said, 'In order that I may come forth from the house of knowledge you must let it down by the rope, and then you shall enter it.' So the Student let the sack down, untied it, and set him free, and then cried, 'Now draw me up at once,' and was about to get into the sack. 'Halt!' said the other, 'that won't do,' and took him by the head and put him upside down into the sack, fastened it, and drew the disciple of Wisdom up the tree by the rope. Then he swung him in the air and said, 'How goes it with thee, my dear fellow; behold, already thou feelest wisdom coming, and art gaining valuable experience. Keep perfectly quiet until thou becomest wiser.' Thereupon he mounted the Student's horse and rode away, but in an hour's time sent some one to let the Student out again.

THE NAIL.

A MERCHANT had done good business at the fair; he had sold his wares, and lined his money-bags with gold and silver. Now he wanted to travel homewards, and be in his own house before nightfall. He packed therefore his trunk with the money on his horse, and rode away.

At noon he rested in a town, and when he wanted to go further the stable-boy brought his horse out and said, 'A nail is wanting, sir, in the shoe of its left hind foot.' 'Let it be wanting,' answered the Merchant; 'the shoe will certainly stay on for the six miles I have still to go. I am in a hurry.'

In the afternoon, when he once more alighted and had his horse fed, the stable-boy went into the room to him and said, 'Sir, a shoe is missing from your horse's left hind foot. Shall I take him to the blacksmith?' 'Let it still be wanting,' answered the man; 'the horse can very well hold out for the couple of miles which remain. I am in haste.'

He rode forth, but before long the horse began to limp. It had not limped long before it began to stumble, and it had not stumbled long before it fell down and broke its leg. The Merchant was forced to leave the horse where it was, and unbuckle the trunk, take it on his back, and go home on foot. And there he did not arrive until quite late at night. 'And that unlucky nail,' said he to himself, 'has caused all this disaster.'

Hasten slowly.

SIMELI MOUNTAIN.

THERE were once two brothers, the one rich, the other poor. The rich one, however, gave nothing to the poor one, and he gained a scanty living by trading in corn, and often did so badly that he had no bread for his wife and children. Once when he was wheeling his barrow through the forest he saw on one side of him a great, bare, naked-looking mountain, and as he had never seen it before he stood still and looked at it with amazement.

While he was thus standing he saw twelve great, wild men coming towards him, and as he believed they were robbers he pushed his barrow into the thicket, climbed up a tree, and waited to see what would happen. The twelve men, however, went to the mountain and cried, 'Semsi mountain, Semsi mountain, open,' and immediately the barren mountain opened down the middle, and the twelve went into it, and as soon as they were within, it shut. After a short time, however, it opened again, and the men came forth carrying heavy sacks on their shoulders, and when they were all once more in the daylight they said, 'Semsi mountain, Semsi mountain, shut thyself;' then the mountain closed together, and there was no longer any entrance to be seen to it, and the twelve went away.

When they were quite out of sight the poor man got down from the tree, and was curious to know what really was secretly hidden in the mountain. So he went up to it and said, 'Semsi mountain, Semsi mountain, open,' and the mountain opened to him also. Then he went inside,

and the whole mountain was a cavern full of silver and gold, and behind lay great piles of pearls and sparkling jewels, heaped up like corn. The poor man hardly knew what to do, and whether he might take any of these treasures for himself or not: but at last he filled his pockets with gold, but he left the pearls and precious stones where they were. When he came out again he also said, 'Semsi mountain, Semsi mountain, shut thyself;' then the mountain closed itself, and he went home with his barrow.

And now he had no more cause for anxiety, but could buy bread for his wife and children with his gold, and wine into the bargain. He lived joyously and uprightly, gave help to the poor, and did good to every one. When, however, the money came to an end he went to his brother, borrowed a measure that held a bushel, and brought himself some more, but did not touch any of the most valuable things. When for the third time he wanted to fetch something he again borrowed the measure of his brother. The rich man had, however, long been envious of his brother's possessions, and of the handsome way of living which he had set on foot, and could not understand from whence the riches came, and what his brother wanted with the measure. Then he thought of a cunning trick, and covered the bottom of the measure with pitch, and when he got the measure back a piece of money was sticking in it. He at once went to his brother and asked him, 'What hast thou been measuring in the bushel measure?' 'Corn and barley,' said the other. Then he shewed him the piece of money, and threatened that if he did not tell the truth he would accuse him before a court of justice. The poor man then told him everything, just as it had happened. The rich man, however, ordered his carriage to be made ready, and drove away, resolved to use the opportunity better than his brother had done, and to bring back with him quite different treasures.

When he came to the mountain he cried, 'Semsi mountain, Semsi mountain, open.' The mountain opened, and he went inside it. There lay the treasures all before him, and for a long time he did not know which to clutch at first. At length he loaded himself with as many precious stones as he could carry. He wished to carry his burden outside, but, as his heart and soul were entirely full of the treasures, he had forgotten the name of the mountain, and cried, 'Simeli mountain, Simeli mountain, open.' That, however, was not the right name, and the mountain never stirred, and remained shut. Then he was alarmed, but the longer he thought about it the more his thoughts confused themselves, and his treasures were no more of any use to him. In the evening the mountain opened, and the twelve robbers came in, and when they saw him they laughed and cried out, 'Bird, have we caught thee at last! Did'st thou think we had never noticed that thou hadst been in here twice? We could not catch thee then; this third time thou shalt not get out again!' Then he cried, 'It was not I, it was my brother,' but he might beg for his life and say what he would, they cut his head off.

SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED.

THERE was once a poor widow who lived in a lonely cottage. In front of the cottage was a garden wherein stood two rose-trees, one of which bore white and the other red roses. She had two children who were like the two rose-trees, and one was called Snow-white, and the other Rose-red. They were as good and happy, as busy and cheerful as ever two children in the world were, only Snow-white was more quiet and gentle than Rose-red. Rose-red liked better to run about in the meadows and fields seeking flowers and catching butterflies; but Snow-white sat at home with her mother, and helped her in house-work, or read to her when there was nothing to do.

The two children were so fond of each other that they always held each other by the hand when they went out together, and when Snow-white said, 'We will not leave one another,' Rose-red answered, 'As long as we are alive,' and their mother would add, 'What one has she must share with the other.'

They often ran about the forest alone and gathered red berries, and no beasts did them any harm; but they came close to them trustfully. The little hare would eat a cabbage-leaf out of their hands, the roe grazed by their side, the stag leapt merrily by them, and the birds sat still upon the boughs and sang just as they would.

No mishap overtook them; if they had stayed too late in the forest, and night came on, they laid themselves down near one another upon the moss and slept until morning came, and their mother knew this and had no distress on their account.

Once when they had spent the night in the wood and the dawn had roused them, they saw a beautiful child in a shining white dress sitting near their bed. He got

up and looked quite kindly at them, but said nothing and went away into the forest. And when they looked round they found that they had been sleeping quite close to a precipice, and would certainly have fallen into it in the darkness if they had gone only a few paces further. And their mother told them that it must have been the angel who watches over good children.

Snow-white and Rose-red kept their mother's cottage so neat that it was a pleasure to look inside it. In the summer Rose-red took care of the house, and every morning set a nosegay by their mother's bed before she awoke, in which was a rose from every tree. In the winter Snow-white lit the fire and hung the kettle on the crane. The kettle was of copper and shone like gold, so clean was it polished. In the evening, when the flakes of snow fell, the mother said, 'Go, Snow-white, and push the bolt,' and then they sat round the hearth, and the mother took her spectacles and read aloud out of a large book, and the two girls listened as they sat and spun. And close by them lay a pet lamb upon the floor, and behind them upon a perch sat a white dove with its head hidden beneath its wing.

One evening, as they were thus sitting comfortably together, some one knocked at the door as if he wished to be let in. The mother said, 'Quick, Rose-red, open the door, it must be a traveller who is seeking shelter.' Rose-red went and pulled back the bolt, thinking that it would be a man, but it was not; it was a bear that stretched his broad, black head within the door.

Rose-red gave a loud cry and sprang back, the lamb bleated, the dove fluttered, and Snow-white hid herself behind her mother's bed. But the Bear began to speak and said, 'Do not be afraid, I will do you no harm! I am half frozen, and wish only to warm myself a little with you.'

'Poor Bear,' said the mother, 'lie down by the fire, and only take care that you do not burn your coat.'

Then she called out, 'Snow-white, Rose-red, come out, the Bear will do nothing to you, he means well.' So they both came out, and by and by the lamb and dove came nearer and were not afraid of him. The Bear said, 'Here, children, knock the snow out of my coat a little;' so they brought the broom and swept the Bear's hide clean; and he stretched himself by the fire and growled contentedly and comfortably. It was not long before they grew quite at home, and played tricks with their clumsy guest. They tugged his hair with their hands, put their feet upon his back and rolled him about, or they took a hazel-switch and beat him, and when he growled they laughed. But the Bear took it all in good part, only when they were too rough he called out, 'Leave me alive, children,

'Snowy-white, Rosy-red,
Will you beat your lover dead?'

When it was bed-time, and the others went to bed, the mother said to the Bear, 'You can lie there by the hearth, and so you will be safe from the cold and the bad weather.' As soon as day dawned the two children let him out, and he trotted across the snow into the forest.

Henceforth the Bear came every evening at the same time, laid himself down by the hearth, and let the children amuse themselves with him as much as they liked; and they got so used to him that the doors were never fastened until their black friend had arrived.

When spring had come and all outside was green, the Bear said one morning to Snow-white, 'Now I must go away, and cannot come back for the whole summer.' 'Where are you going to then, dear Bear?' asked Snow-white. 'I must go into the forest and guard my treasures from the wicked dwarfs. In the winter, when the earth is frozen hard, they are obliged to stay below

and cannot work themselves through; but now, when the sun has thawed and warmed the earth, they break through it, and come out to pry and steal; whatever once gets into their hands, and lies in their caves, does not easily see daylight again.'

Snow-white was quite sorry for his going away, and as she unbolted the door for him, and the Bear was hurrying out, he rubbed against the bolt and a piece of his hairy coat was torn off, and it seemed to Snow-white as if gold shone through it, but she was not sure about it. The Bear ran away quickly and was soon out of sight behind the trees.

A short time afterwards the mother sent the children into the forest to get fire-wood. There they found a big tree which had fallen down upon the ground, and close by the trunk something was jumping backwards and forwards in the grass, but they could not make out what it was. When they came nearer they saw a Dwarf with a withered face and a snow-white beard a yard long. The end of the beard was caught in a crevice of the tree, and the little one jumped backwards and forwards like a tied dog, and did not know what to do.

He glared at the girls with his fiery red eyes and cried, 'Why do you stand there? can you not come here and help me?' 'What have you got there, little man?' asked Rose-red. 'You stupid, prying goose!' answered the Dwarf; 'I was going to split the tree to get a little wood for cooking. The little bit of food that one of us wants gets burnt up directly with thick logs; we do not swallow so much as you coarse, greedy folk. I had just driven the wedge nicely in, and everything was going on as I wished; but the wretched wood was too smooth and suddenly jumped out, and the tree closed so quickly that I could not pull out my beautiful white beard; so now it is tight in and I cannot get away, and the silly, sleek, milk-faced things laugh. Ugh! you are brutes!'

The children tried all they could, but they could not pull the beard out, it was caught too fast. 'I will run and fetch some one,' said Rose-red. 'You senseless sheep's head!' snarled the Dwarf; 'why should you fetch some one? you are already two too many for me; can you not think of something better?' 'Don't be impatient,' said Snow-white, 'I will help you,' and she pulled her scissors out of her pocket and cut off the end of the beard.

As soon as the Dwarf felt himself free he laid hold of a bag which lay amongst the roots of the tree, and which was full of gold, and lifted it up, grumbling to himself, 'Uncouth people, to cut off a piece of my fine beard. Bad luck to you!' and then he swung the bag upon his back and went off without even once looking at the children.

Some time after that Snow-white and Rose-red went to catch a dish of fish. As they came near to the brook they saw something like a large grasshopper jumping towards the water, as if it were going to leap in. They ran to it and found that it was the Dwarf. 'Where are you going to?' said Rose-red; 'do you want to go into the water?' 'I am not such a fool!' cried the Dwarf; 'do you not see that the wretched fish wants to pull me in?' The little man had been sitting there fishing, and unluckily the wind had twisted his beard with the fishing-line; just then a big fish bit, and the feeble creature had not strength to pull it out; the fish got the upper hand and pulled the dwarf towards him. He held on to all the stalks and rushes, but it was of little good, he was forced to follow the movements of the fish, and was in urgent danger of being dragged into the water.

The girls came just in time; they held him fast and tried to free his beard from the line, but all in vain, beard and line were entangled fast together. Nothing was left but to bring out the scissors and cut the beard,

whereby a small part of it was lost. When the Dwarf saw that he screamed out, 'Is that a proper way, you toad-stool, to disfigure one's face? Is it not enough that you clipped the end of my beard? now you have cut off the best part of it. I cannot let myself be seen by my people. I wish you had been made to run the soles off your shoes!' Then he took out a sack of pearls which lay in the rushes, and without saying a word more he slipped away and disappeared behind a stone.

It happened that soon afterwards the mother sent the two children to the town to buy needles, and thread, and laces, and ribbons. The road led them across a heath upon which huge pieces of rock lay strewn here and there. Now they noticed a large bird floating in the air, flying slowly round and round above them; it sank lower and lower, and at last settled near a rock not far off. Directly afterwards they heard a loud, piteous cry. They ran up and saw with horror that the eagle had seized their old acquaintance the Dwarf and was going to carry him off.

The children, full of pity, at once took tight hold of the little man and pulled against the eagle so long that at last he let his booty go. As soon as the Dwarf had recovered from his first fright he cried with his screechy voice, 'Could you not manage more carefully! You dragged at my brown coat so that it is all torn and full of holes, you helpless, clumsy creatures.' Then he took up a sack full of precious stones and slipped away again under the rock into his hole. The girls, who by this time were used to his thanklessness, went on their way and did their business in the town.

As they crossed the heath again on their way home they surprised the Dwarf, who had emptied out in a clean spot his bag of precious stones, and had not thought that any one would come there so late. The evening sun shone upon the polished stones; they glittered and

sparkled with all colours so beautifully that the children stood still and looked at them. 'Why do you stand gaping there?' cried the Dwarf, and his ashen-gray face became copper-red with rage. He was going on with his bad words when a loud growling was heard, and a black bear came trampling towards them out of the forest. The Dwarf sprang up in terror, but before he could get to his hole the Bear was already close. Then in the dread of his heart he cried, 'Dear Mr Bear, I will give you all my treasures, look, the beautiful jewels lying there! Grant me my life; what do you want with such a slender little fellow as me? you would not feel me between your teeth. There, take these two wicked girls, they are tender morsels for you, fat as young quails; for mercy's sake eat them!' The Bear took no heed of his words, but gave the wicked creature a single blow with his paw, and he did not move again.

The girls had run away, but the Bear called to them, 'Snow-white and Rose-red, do not be afraid; wait, I will come with you.' Then they knew his voice again and waited, and when he came up to them suddenly his bear-skin fell off, and he stood there a handsome man, clothed all in gold. 'I am a King's son,' he said, 'and I was bewitched by that wicked Dwarf, who had stolen my treasures, and had to run about the forest as a wild bear until I was freed by his death. Now he has got his well-deserved punishment.'

Snow-white was married to him, and Rose-red to his brother, and they divided between them the great treasure which the Dwarf had gathered together in his cave. The old mother lived peacefully and happily with her children for many years. She took the two rose-trees with her, and they stood before her window, and every year bore the most beautiful roses, white and red.

WORDS FOR SPELLING.

LITTLE RED-RIDING-HOOD.

suited
piece
path
league
creature
whither
grandmothers
apron
baking-day
weak
hazel-thicket
replied
craftily
meanwhile
flowers
gravely
pleased
nosegay
fancied
prettier
knocked
straight
curtains
journey
surprised
dreadfully
answer
terrible
scarcely

BROTHER AND SISTER.

beats
meals
bread
stony
meadows
fields
weary
thirsty
witch
privily
bewitched
leapt
beast
tear
until
heard
roebuck
touched
tied
berries
happened
country
rough
bugle-horn
surrounded
wounded
frightened
forsaken
maiden
reached
wedding
tended
cherished
misfortune
daughter
chamber-maid
nightcap
heartily
nursery
pillow
whether
guards
appeared
restrain
judgment
delivered
eaten

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

shoemaker
leather
enough
pair
conscience
astonished
stitch
customer
clothes
ready
grateful
waistcoat
breeches
instead
greatest
cobblers

LITTLE BRIAR-ROSE.

briar-rose
bathing
fulfilled
kindred
friends
acquaintance
well-disposed
splendour
magic
bestowed
beauty
greeting
spindle
twelfth
plenteously
good-natured
climbed
winding
staircase
busily
nodded
rattles
merrily
decree
drawing-room
pigeons
flaming
quiet
frizzling
scullery
impossible
remained
miserable
thornwood
wonderfully
pitiful
castle-yard
spotted
wagged
tails
flickered
joint
roared
maid
marriage
celebrated
contented

MOTHER HOLLE.

industrious
Cinderella
shuttle
scolded
loaves
bread-shovel
shaking
teeth
thoroughly
feathers
courage
agreed
attended
satisfaction
boiled
roast
meat
although
welcome
received
wealth

anxious
arrived
accordingly
engaged
diligently
obeyed
lazy
kettle
pitch

THE MUSICIANS OF BREMEN.

certain
carried
musician
gasping
foretelling
guests
anywhere
companions
clattered
horrible
perched
glistening
scratching
strawheap

OLD SULTAN.

faithful
stretched
complained
awaited
contrary
favour
arranged
screamed
stroked
succeeded
gossip
scoundrel
challenge
already
appointed
outstretched
ashamed

THE GOLDEN GOOSE.

despised
occasion
gray-haired
prudent
punishment
seized
troubling
reverence
christening
sleeve
serious
whosoever
inherited
contentedly

HANS IN LUCK.

shoulder
bridle
separated
especially
bargain
impatient
wheelbarrow
certainly
different
sausages
vexation
immediately
presently
weighed
suspiciously
dripping
scissor-grinder
whirred

foundation
luckiest
ordinary
meanwhile
injure
hindered
hitherto

THE OLD MAN AND HIS GRANDSON.

trembled
table-cloth
grandfather
earthenware
bowl
sighed
wooden
halfpence
trough
henceforth

THE WHITE SERPENT.

hidden
carefully
understanding
language
allowed
everywhere
threatened
innocence
waddling
travelling
lamenting
remember
deserves
provide
flapping
sues
forfeit
declared
suitor
swimming
mussel
expected
scorned
strewed
sorrowfully
thousands
millet-seeds
conquer
starving
homewards
continual

THE PORRIDGE-POT.

oatmeal
porridge

THE POOR MAN AND THE RICH MAN.

angels
overtaken
belonged
begging
somewhere
potatoes
whispered
unwilling
eternal
changed
granted
politely
caper
disturbed
meditation
reared
insignificant
disappeared
abuse
piously

THE THREE SONS OF FORTUNE.

scythe
knight
listened
proclaimed
cannons
mowed
mainland
bitterly
plague
counsel
determined
herald
demand
besiegers

THE BLUE LIGHT.

collected
handsomely
dismissed
dangerous
scattered
frustrate
comrades
condemned
constable

THE OGRE WITH THREE GOLDEN HAIRS.

prophecy
refused
freed
floated
noticed
foundling
hard-hearted
prepared
well-disposed
entrusted
exchanged
passion
entrance
dwelling
pryed
searched
snuffling
snoring
dreaming
Ho-ho
gnaws
wither
released
difficulty
fortunately
ferried
prospered
tremendous
covetous

LITTLE SNOW-WHITE.

ebony
pricked
window-frame
looking-glass
satisfied
shocked
hated
huntsman
pierce
forest
needful
stabbed
wretched
moreover
counterpanes
mountains
dwarfs
believing
painted
pedlar-woman
disguise
stay-laces
unbolted
stirred

tightly
breathe
beguiled
senseless
poisonous
forbidden
cunningly
envious
transparent
stumbled
step-mother
uttered

KING THRUSH-BEARD.

marshalled
crooked
trifling
shuddered
priest
thrush-beard
forced
provisions
wounded
kingdom
yield
earned
hussar
galloping
crockery
accustomed
dirtiest
haughtiness
humbled
delicious
shrank
derision
fathoms
fiddler
insolence
mocked

THE SINGING BONE.

lamentation
capture
venture
shrewd
wherewith
mouthpiece
peasant

JORINDA AND JORINGEL.

skeleton
Jorinda
Joringel
obliged
betrothal
mournfully
nightingale
neither
muttered
groaned
enchantment

THE GOLDEN BIRD.

rustled
precious
cleverness
trigger
behaviour
whistled
confessed
sentenced
shovelled
rejoicing
gratitude
gallows-flesh
inquired
upbraided

THE WOLF AND THE FOX.

pitilessly cudgel glutton

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE.

altar tongue swallowed calendar

THE FISHER AND HIS WIFE.

enchanted
scared
crystal
soldiers
tassels
diamonds
polished
alabaster
figures
cymbals
brilliants
sceptre
imperial
tiniest
rubbish
grandeur
covetousness
lightened

RUMPELSTILTSKIN.

Rumpelstiltskin
manikin
Caspar
Melchior
Balthazar
Shortribs
Sheepshanks
Laceleg
ridiculous
Conrad

THE JEW AMONG THORNS.

honestly
cheerfully
rogue
ragamuffin
farthingsworth
sabre
bearskin
curiosity
shriek

THE CUNNING LITTLE TAILOR.

extremely
guessed
gad-about
announced
clutches
blockhead
pebble
beneath
fiercely
woodlark

THE THREE BROTHERS.

fencing-master whiskers amazed
lathered flourished

THE TURNIP.

vigorous zodiac disciple harnessed

THE NAIL.—SIMELI MOUNTAIN.

alighted Simeli possessions
disaster sparkling

SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED.

catching hurrying eagle
trustfully crevice thanklessness
precipice milk-faced emptied
spectacles laugh gaping
fluttered grumbling ashen-gray
hazel-switch entangled treasures

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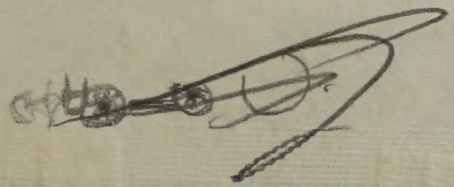

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